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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.—SCENE AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING DURING THE FIRE,
SHOWING THE GALLERIES WITH IRON GRATINGS.

(The views of the fire in this number are from photographs by Cumming & Brewis.)

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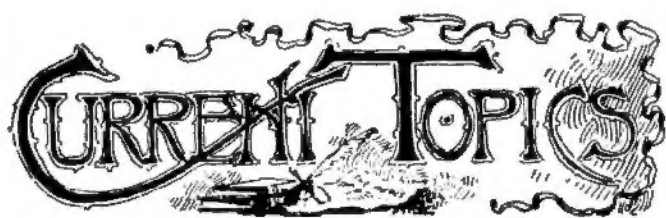
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17th MAY, 1890.



The last annual report of the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal contains some valuable information as to the progress of harbour improvement and other matters of public interest. The year 1889 is memorable for the assumption by the Department of Public Works of the control and management of the Ship Channel works. The proceedings in connection with that important change were fully reported and illustrated in this journal. An account of the progress made during the year is contained in the published report of the Department. The engineering branch has been engaged principally on the construction of the new wharves at Hochelaga and Maisonneuve. The operations are so far advanced that it is expected that some 1,300 feet frontage will be available during the coming summer. By the fall, the Harbour Master thinks, the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery Company will be able to discharge vessels opposite their Refinery. The wharves in the harbour underwent important repairs, and part of the roadway opposite the C.P.R. and G.T.R. offices has been planked—a work which it is proposed to extend. The number of sea-going vessels that arrived in port last season was 695, of an aggregate tonnage of 823,265, of which 49,538 tons passed into the canal. This is an increase of 40 vessels and 40,692 tons compared with the previous year. Of these vessels 526 (767,654 tons) were of iron; 169 (55,511 tons) of wood. The inland vessels arriving numbered 5,847, aggregating 1,069,709 tons—an increase of 347 vessels and 209,695 tons. The total of vessels of all classes was 6,542, with a tonnage of 1,892,876—an increase in tonnage of 247,387. The nationalities of the sea-going vessels were as follows:—British, 641 (tonnage, 766,322); Norwegian, 26; German, 16; French, 8; Spanish, 2; and Russian, 2. Owing to the death of Andrew Robertson, Esq., whose portrait was published last year in this journal, it was necessary to appoint a new member in his place. Richard White, Esq., was nominated to the vacancy, the appointment giving general satisfaction. The Board, as at present constituted, consists of Henry Bulmer, Esq., chairman; His Worship, Jacques Grenier, Mayor; the Hon. Edward Murphy, Hugh McLennan, Victor Hudon, Charles H. Gould, J. O. Villeneuve, Andrew Allan and Richard White, Esquires, Commissioners; Mr. Alexander Robertson, Secretary; John Kennedy, M. Inst. C.E., Chief Engineer; Captain Thomas Howard, Harbour Master; Capt. Louis St. Louis, Deputy Harbour Master; John Ferns, Wharfinger and Paymaster.

As usually happens when a great disaster takes a community by surprise, the daily press abounds in excellent advice as to the necessity of more effectual precaution against fire. The danger lies, to a considerable extent, in the failure of critics and theorists to apply the lesson to themselves. After every such catastrophe there is intense anxiety to discover the source of the mischief and to show how it might have been avoided. That task accomplished more or less satisfactorily, the agitation gradually subsides, and other topics occupy the public mind. In far too many instances, no appreciable reform in appliances or methods follows the discussion, and, after a certain interval, we are horrified by another calamity, due, perhaps, to the very same causes that produced the last. Every city in Canada has had repeated warning of the jeopardy to which life and property are constantly exposed from defective construction with inflammable materials and inadequate provision for the extinction of fire and the saving of life. A contemporary proposes that this department of civic administration should be entrusted to a body of experts—experts in architecture, in sanitation and in the prevention and extinction of fires. A thoroughly qualified and authorized council of that kind would be invaluable to a city.

The illustrations of the work done by the pupils of the schools of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, which we published in last week's issue, have attracted considerable attention. It was a revelation to many by no means unintelligent or unenlightened citizens of Montreal to learn that these schools had produced such striking results. In the address delivered last year by Mr. S. E. Dawson, as president of the Council, from which we have already quoted, surprise was expressed that so little was known of an enterprise which had been successfully conducted for so many years. A year ago, at the time of the exhibition in the old St. Gabriel Church, we ventured to say that the fault for this ignorance did not lie altogether with the public. The comments which we have heard and read since the character of the pupils' handicraft was made known by our engravings, has not led us to other conclusions. In these days those who hide their light under a bushel must resign themselves to the fate which, on the best authority, is reserved for such martyrs to their own modesty. Now that the Council has learned the saner way, we trust that others will follow the good example.

How far governments should undertake the rôle of Mæcenas is a question that is not now discussed for the first time. From China to Peru, and from remote ages to the present day, instances might be cited of the benefits conferred on learning and culture by timely help from "the powers that be." On the other hand that genius in shackles to the foot of the throne, however the pain or the shame of its thralldom may be soothed, can yield at best but the song of the captive, has been long since admitted. Even the Augustan age, so often held up to admiration for its rich Horatian and Virgilian harvest, has been found by some inquirers to be an argument for freedom with poverty rather than for constraint with competence or even wealth—though, probably, as things were, sudden silence was the sole alternative to that prolonged music which still delights us. Certainly for literature the age of patronage is past, any survivals of it in England being, like Col. Lowther's protégé, the poet Close, too contemptible for vigor-

ous contempt. There is, however, no reason in the world why the State should not encourage works of native production—especially works which worthily set forth the resources of the country and are calculated to add to its prestige, its population and its general development. Works of this nature, whatever form they take, are contributions to the public service, and, as such, are entitled to assistance.

The Romans, being a practical people, encouraged the growth of population and the settlement of their waste lands. It was possibly to promote this last end that Virgil was induced to write his *Georgics*—a poem which still adds dignity to the farmer's toil. A law endowed the father of three children with certain important privileges and some substantial advantages. The Hon. Colonel Rhodes had, therefore, some precedent for his gift of a hundred acres to the sturdy parent of a dozen children. Did the good Commissioner know to what extent the patriotic exercise of that long and mongrel named bump would necessitate the granting away of the Crown Lands of the province? Certainly the patriarchal aptitude for having sons and daughters is evinced in a surprising manner by the published list of claimants. No less than 547 fathers and mothers (widows) of twelve children have applied for the reward of well-doing. An analysis of the list reveals a fair proportion of English, Irish and Scotch names amid the French majority.

A writer in the *North-West Magazine*, published at St. Paul, Minnesota, contrasts the farm buildings in the Dakotas with those of Manitoba to the advantage of the latter. He also gives the Canadian side the credit of a better class of settlers, many of whom brought enough money with them to make good improvements on their claims. The Province, he adds, is entering on a new career of prosperity, largely due to the extension of the railways. The progress during the past year is said to have been more substantial than that of the five years preceding. The visitor was greatly impressed with the extent of the fertile land in the Province—an "immense prairie region, where soil and climate are singularly favourable to the production of wheat."

We have already referred more than once to the efforts that have been made to improve the breed of our Canadian horses. In connection with those efforts, the *Haras National*, established at Outremont by a company, of which the Hon. Louis Beaubien is president, has attracted especial attention. Mr. Beaubien was aided in his undertaking by the Comte de Mandat-Grancy, a French nobleman, as accomplished as he is practical, who has done much to raise the standard of horses in France. The Haras (a word which means a stud, and with this significance was Latinized into *Haracia* in the Middle Ages), is a well known and successful institution in Europe. Not long since we quoted a strong recommendation of the system from the High Commissioner's Report, from which it appears that it is growing in favour in England as well as across the Channel. It is more interesting to us, however, to know that it has made good its footing on our own soil. Last Saturday (May 10) the *Haras National* was formally opened in the presence of a distinguished company of invited guests, the Governor-General and suite having come from Ottawa expressly to take part in the inauguration. A parade of horses indicated satisfactorily what the Haras aimed at achieving—same really fine animals being on the ground. At

the lunch suitable speeches were made by His Excellency, the president of the *Haras*, Mr. Desjardins, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the Hon. Mr. Taillon, Senator Cochrane, and Mr. Ed. Cochrane, M.P. for East Northumberland.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

During the last ten years a great deal has been said and written against the party system. In Great Britain men of character and experience like Lord Selborne have gravely asked whether the slavery of party government is not becoming intolerable. In the United States Messrs. Parkman, Seymour, Hall, and many others have inveighed against a machinery which dooms some of the best elements in the country to practical inactivity and helplessness in public affairs. In Canada Dr. Goldwin Smith has wielded his vigorous pen in denouncing a political device by which the morality both of politicians and of the public is so sadly lowered. These are only a few examples of the protests that have been uttered against the abuses of popular rule through party organization. The list could easily be multiplied, but the argument of one is the argument of all. When, however, we ask what remedies are proposed for the evils decried or what system should be substituted for that which is so defective, we receive but vague answers. It is also noteworthy that of the writers who have dealt with this question only a few have had any practical experience of political life. Those whose criticism was based on such experience condemned some misuse of the system or suggested some reform. Among these we find one English writer commending the caucus, which (after its trial) another English writer condemns, while American writers counsel the adoption of responsible government, or place their hope on the Australian (that is, the Canadian) plan of voting, which again, after test, some of them pronounce worthless. If there was any prize for which Canadian statesmen struggled valiantly, and which they prided themselves on securing as the essential of free popular rule, it was ministerial responsibility. Yet a journal of this province, the chief organ of an influential group, remonstrates against the despotism into which this boon of boons has degenerated as intolerable both to the people and their deputies.

In all this vague unrest and discontent we fail to find any reasonable solution of the problem. All admit that popular government has been disappointing. It is, in some respects, a tyranny as bad as that of crown or oligarchy. It necessarily gives the preëminence to demagogues, and even those who would serve their country honestly and faithfully must to a certain extent be demagogues if they would succeed. Then, once installed in office, a ministry is all powerful, so long as it can depend on a majority. One of the writers mentioned says that the only excuse for party is that it is the only scheme by which government under our elective system is possible. And then he adds that "a substitute for it will have to be found; and found the substitute must be. Society cannot rest forever on the irrational and immoral." To this it might be replied that society rested for many ages, and in portions of the world rests still, on systems more irrational and more immoral than that of party. Nor does the reformer suggest how the substitute is to be discovered.

Mr. Gladstone, in his remarkable elucidation of the practical working of the British Constitution,

written for the benefit of his "Kin beyond Sea," seems quite satisfied with the imperfect instrument by which popular sovereignty is asserted in England. Among his many reforms the abolition of party finds no place. More than one American writer has openly defended party as an agency in the political education of a people. It is a check on the influence of the illiterate voter, while by bringing the more public spirited elements of the nation into contact with each other it ensures a thorough agitation of public questions. And certainly there is no free country that is not more or less indebted to party organization for the blessings that it enjoys. This is brought out especially in the history of England and her colonies. This much we may surely admit without denying that the system is subject to grave abuses.

The practical question for us is whether it can be freed from those abuses without injury to parliamentary institutions.

Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

While in England, the United States and Canada, we hear these indictments of party methods, in France, on the other hand, it is the absence of any organization deserving the name of party that is the ground of complaint. A number of isolated and conflicting groups, each devoted to the aims of a clique or a district, and hardly any two combining for a time save for the destruction of a common foe—that is not an edifying or a hopeful spectacle. If party is bad, particularism is worse. If we survey the other constitutionally governed States of Europe, we find the same lack of adhesion in the supporters or opponents of governments to a great extent prevailing. But in France we have the most glaring example of the results of party disruption. Twenty-five ministerial crises in less than as many years—that is the practical consequence, with the waste of energy and money, the constant apprehension of change, the necessary appeals to petty factions and the lack of any broad, stable or well sustained policy. Such is the picture drawn by a recent French writer of the condition to which the substitution of groups for parties has brought parliamentary administration in France. We are thereby warned against the Charybdis that may await us if we steer too far from the Scylla, which, to some of our pilots, is the only danger to be avoided. Perhaps it would be well to bear in mind that in Canada "responsible government" has been a comparatively short time in operation in conjunction with the federal régime, a combination which differentiates our constitution from both that of the Mother Country and that of our neighbours. It is too soon, surely, to despair. With patience, with conscientious and earnest effort to make the most of our advantages, may we not hope by degrees to attain as high a perfection as a system so generally excellent and so adaptable to various circumstances is capable of reaching?

THE PALMER.

O solemn clime to which my spirit looks,
No more will I the path to thee defer,—
Worn here with search—a too sad wanderer,—
The dance-tune spent, surpassed the sacred books,
And spurned that city's walls where I did plan
A thousand lives, unwitting I was pent:
As though my thousand lives could be content
With any vista in the bounds of man!
Eternal clime, our exile is from thee!
Flood o'er thy portals like the tender Morn!—
Receive! receive! and let us new be born:
We are thy substance—spirit of thy degree—
Mist of thy bliss—fire, love, infinity!
And only by some mischance from thee torn.

ISIS.

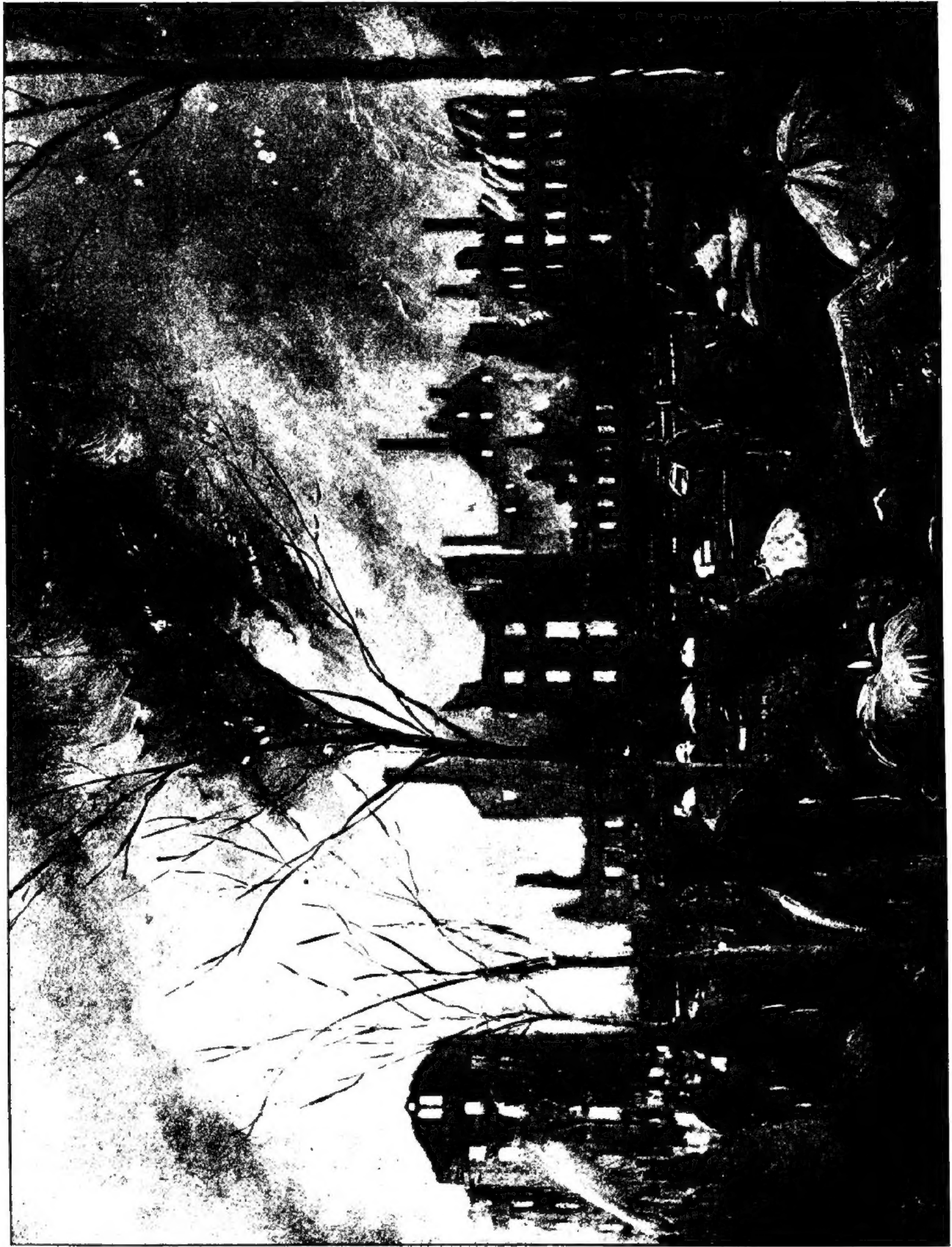
BLISS CARMAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen writes as follows of the late and new literary editors of the *Independent*: The following paragraph from the *Toronto Empire* will interest the numerous Americans resident in Japan:—"It is understood in St. John, N.B., that Bliss Carman has been appointed editor of the New York *Independent* in succession to Mr. Bowen. Mr. Carman is a Fredericton man who, though still young, has acquired some reputation in the literary world. The *Century Magazine* has published many poems from his pen. He is a first cousin of Professor C. G. D. Roberts, the poet. The editorship of the *Independent* is one of the finest prizes open to literary journalists." The paragraph must be in a degree incorrect, because Dr. Bowen—poor John Eliot Bowen was a Columbia University doctor, though a Yale A.M.—was not editor of the *Independent* but literary editor. Indeed his father, Henry C. Bowen, proprietor of the journal, retains the editorship-in-chief himself and has several associates. But that he has succeeded Dr. Bowen as literary editor is highly likely, because Bliss Carman is a man of exceptional gifts. None of the younger Canadian poets impressed me more highly, and he has made quite a mark in the literary world with his "Death in April"—an elegy on Matthew Arnold, which in spite of its great length, nearly 300 lines, was published in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His poetry is very pregnant,—full of suggestiveness and subtle depths. It has quite a Coleridge quality—the weird picturesque—"The Rape of the Red Swan" especially, and he is very happy and musical in his dimeters. His fault lies in valuing the intelligence of the average reader too highly. Except for the scholar he is sometimes not sufficiently explicit. It is fortunate that the *Independent* has secured such a good substitute for Dr. Bowen. Its enormous circulation, about half a million weekly, its history, its position in the Republican party, combine to give it an unique position among American weeklies, and Dr. Bowen was not an easy man to replace. A literary man of rare promise himself, as witness his translations of Carmen Sylva's poems in their own metres, and his own original poems in the *Century* and *Harper's*, he is an admirable judge of the literary work of others, and a most punctual and conscientious editor. He was a faithful and warm-hearted friend, and there are many much more prominent men that American literature could have spared much better than John Eliot Bowen. His successor, though a Canadian by birth and earlier education, is a Harvard graduate. Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N.B., and like Roberts, the Canadian Laureate, is a lineal descendant of Bliss, one of the leaders of the Loyalists, who founded St. John, N.B.—the Fathers of Canada. He is one of the best birch bark canoeists in America.—*Japan Gazette*, March 28.

HIMALAYAN BEARS.

In localities where oak forests abound, says Gen. Macintyre, perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting these bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding ground—until some time after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is ludicrous to behold. A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. I once saw a bear I had shot at roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.

An odd peculiarity of bears is that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit the animal behind. He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding whip. The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her cub feeding quietly by her side came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused at the incident to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by Gen. Macintyre is that when a bear attacks a man it almost invariably goes for the face, whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.—*Chambers's Journal*.



THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.—FRONT OF THE BUILDING DURING THE FIRE.



SCENE ON THE ASYLUM GROUNDS AFTER THE FIRE.



THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.—As our readers are aware, this catastrophe, attended with such serious loss of property and melancholy sacrifice of human life, took place on Tuesday, the 6th inst. It is still a mystery by what agency the fire was caused. The most reasonable conclusion is that one of the insane inmates was the author of it. The first indication that the work of destruction was in process was the presence of dense smoke in the top of the central building not long before noon. But by that time the destroyer had gained such headway that it was practically impossible to save the block of buildings. Help being solicited from Montreal, Chief Benoit, having obtained the Mayor's permission, lost no time in reaching the spot. He quickly saw that the great fabric was doomed, and the efforts of the firemen were devoted to the rescue of human life. The task had been begun, on the first discovery of the fire, but, as might be expected, it was no easy one. The Sisters worked heroically and the male attendants did all in their power. Smoke filled the passages, blinding the rescuers and rescued, and the whole was a scene of wild confusion. Lunatics who had hitherto been regarded as harmless became almost violent, dancing around in fiendish glee; others wept and refused to move; some were carried forcibly out only at once to find their way back to their old quarters. But there were others whom the crisis of danger rendered sane, and these gave effective help to the Sisters and attendants in guiding the unfortunate beings out into the open air, where they stood in the drizzling rain and watched the burning building rapidly becoming a mass of flame with the vacant gaze of lunacy. The sight that met the eyes of both sane and insane was a terrible one. There were still people in the burning central and adjoining sections of the building. Some of them could be seen as they stood clasping the iron bars of the windows in their hands and rending the air with demoniacal shouts and cries. Laughing, cursing, entreating and praying; singing coarse ribald songs, gazing vacantly at the excited multitude below them; making vain endeavours to wrest the heavy iron bars from the windows; careless and indifferent, eager and hopeful, they furnished a strange and vivid spectacle. Ladders were raised, but the iron bars which kept them inside kept their rescuers outside. Efforts were made to wrest the bars from their places, but it was slow work. Still it was done and the firemen were successful in rescuing several inmates. In some instances they had to fight for their own lives, the maniacs, who in this section of the building were all violent, seizing hold of them and endeavouring to retain them. Finally the flames spread with alarming rapidity and the heat became so great that the firemen were driven from the building. Some members of the brigades present displayed a heroism that could not be surpassed. Among those were Chief Benoit, Fireman Lambert, and Mr. Lavallée, Deputy City Surveyor. But the most melancholy instance of fruitless self-devotion was the attempted rescue of lay Sister Gravel by her own sister, Miss Louise Gravel, and Sisters Denise Gilbert, Lumina Bouthellier and Victoria McNichols. The sick woman was being carried down stairs by her sympathetic companions when the whole party were overpowered by the smoke and perished by the way. The rescued inmates were temporarily disposed of in the best manner possible under the circumstances—in the Asile de St. Benoit de Joseph, the Deaf and Dumb Institution on St. Denis street, the Fullum street Mother House of the Sisters of Providence, and the out buildings of the Asylum. Meanwhile offers of assistance had come from the Ottawa and Quebec Governments and from the Governors of the Protestant Insane Hospital. The Hon. Mr. Mercier gave orders to have the Exhibition Grounds fitted up for the reception of a large number of the lunatics, and Mr. S. C. Stevenson lost no time in carrying out his instructions. Much sympathy was expressed for Sister Thérèse, the Superioress of the Institution, who was ill in bed when the disaster occurred. Her strength of will and deep interest in the welfare of the poor beings entrusted to her care enabled her to conquer her feebleness for a time, only to suffer a relapse when the excitement had somewhat subsided. She had administered the affairs of the Asylum for more than fifteen years and this was the first occasion in which any calamity had befallen it. The Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu was founded in 1873. The Government, being desirous of closing the St. Jean d'Iberville Asylum and of relieving the Beauport Asylum, which was too crowded, came to an understanding with the Sisters of Providence with the view of establishing an asylum for idiots and for the insane. The contract for this purpose was passed on the 4th of October, 1873. The erection of the edifice was commenced the following year, and on the 16th of July, 1875, this asylum received its first patients. It was built in the centre of a farm 200 acres in superficies. The out-houses, barns, stables, etc., are placed at a suitable distance from and in rear of the establishment. Behind these dependencies again is a garden of fifteen acres. There are three other farms belonging to the Sisters of Providence in the vicinity of the asylum—one of one hundred and fifty acres and the two others of two hundred acres each, giving for the service of the establishment a total area of land of seven hundred and fifty acres,

nearly all under cultivation. The asylum proper consisted of five main buildings connected by wings. The centre building measured inside 137x56 feet apart from the kitchen, furnaces and laundry, which were placed at the back of the establishment. Two other buildings measured 112x40 feet, and the remaining two, which were placed one at each end, 118x36 feet inside. Each of the four wings belonging to these buildings is 91x33 feet. These buildings had six storeys ready for occupation. The four wings had five storeys completed with the same object. All these buildings were of brick with stone foundation or basement. The roofs were covered with galvanized iron. At the back of the principal building, about the centre, was the laundry with a dormitory for thirty beds on the last storey. This spacious building, like the others above mentioned, was of brick with stone foundation. In the basement were a number of refectories, dormitories, dining-rooms and thirty-two bed-rooms. On the ground floor were situated a number of parlours, bed-rooms, linen-rooms, Lady Superior's rooms, doctor's room and dispensary. On the first storey, in addition to the bed-rooms, were the chaplain's rooms, infirmary for the sisters, dining-room for the sick, strangers' room and music room. The second storey was occupied by keepers' rooms, bed-rooms, chapel, laundry, sacristies, private and dining-rooms. The third storey contained a large number of cells, a lay sisters' room, keepers' room and dormitories. The attics also contained a large number of cells, two reservoirs, sisters' dormitories and keepers' rooms. One end of the building, that is to say the part lying in the eastern end of the centre main building, was devoted to the men, and the corresponding buildings in the western end to the female patients. As mentioned in our



SISTER THÉRÈSE.

last issue, the Sisters of Providence spent in founding and organizing this institution \$1,132,232, of which sum, \$700,000, was for the erection of the buildings. The staff was composed as follows:—Sisters, 72; lay sisters, 91; total, 163; of whom three were in the office, two in the parlour, and the others in the wards, kitchen and working departments, watching over the patients; lay keepers (female), 14; keepers, 28; night guardians (male), 4; night guardians (female), 2. Besides these two female keepers, four sisters and lay sisters on an average keep watch each night. In addition to these there were employed on the farm and in superintending the patients' labour, 8; in the industrial departments and supervising the patients working there, nineteen men, viz.: one shoemaker, one blacksmith, two joiners, two engineers, one baker, one gardener, one tailor, three cooks, one professor of music and singing, five stokers, one yardman; two physicians; two chaplains; total, 242. The Lady Superior had the control, as well as the general direction, of the establishment. In the women's hospital, supervision was exercised by a nun, assisted by two lay sisters or by one lay sister and one keeper, chosen by the Sisters. In the men's hospital, the superintendence was also given to a nun, who was assisted by two keepers. There were two physicians attached to the establishment—one for the women and one for the men. The Sisterhood of Providence, who owned the building, and under whose management the institution has always been, is thought to be the largest of the many large Canadian religious communities, although only established fifty years ago. Its founder was Madame Gamelin, widow of a wealthy Montreal merchant, who endowed the new Sisterhood handsomely. The Mother House of the Order was for many years the convent connected with St. James's Church on St. Denis, near St. Catherine street. Lately the headquarters of the Order were removed to the large new convent and asylum on Fullum street. The Deaf and Dumb Institution on St. Denis street

is the other large city house of the Sisters of Providence. The Orphelinat St. Alexis (St. Denis street), the Hospice St. Joseph and the Jardin de l'Enfance (both on Mignonne street), also belong to this Order.

SISTER THÉRÈSE, SUPERIORESS OF THE ASILE ST. JEAN DE DIEU, LONGUE POINTE.—This lady, a member of the well known Tétu family, of Quebec, is connected with some of the best stocks in this province. She is a woman of remarkable administrative power, and surprising perseverance and fortitude, overcoming obstacles which to many men would be insuperable, in obedience to the dictates of duty. The manner in which, for many years, she has discharged the task of organizing and managing the Asylum, no detail in the business of which has escaped her personal supervision, has won the admiration even of those who disapprove of the contract system of dealing with the insane. Sister Thérèse has two principal assistants in her work—Sisters Charles and Madeline, the former a sister of Dr. Goulet, of Joliette; the latter, a sister of Dr. Desjardins, of St. Janvier. With the exception of medical attendance, the Sisters have charge of the entire administration of the Asylum, even the dispensing of the necessary medicines being done by trained Sisters. The report of the Royal Commission of 1886 spoke highly of this department. Sister Thérèse contemplates re-building with as little delay as possible.

HON. JUDGE LANDRY.—We copy from the Chignecto Post, of Sackville, N.B., the following notice of Judge Landry, to accompany the true portrait of that gentleman, which we publish in this issue:—Hon. P. A. Landry, M.P. for Kent, has accepted the County Judgeship of Kent and Westmoreland, vacated by the death of Hon. Bliss Botsford, and on Saturday resigned his seat in the Commons. Mr. Landry's public career has been a notable one. He has pursued with singular fidelity the leading principle that has guided him in his political course, namely to secure for the French Acadian people a recognition of full political right, and a participation in all the functions of the government, legislative, administrative and judicial, to which their numbers entitled them. He has been in political life twenty years, having entered in 1870 in his twenty-fourth year. It will not be too much to say that during that whole period he has allowed no personal ambition or private ends, to interfere with the political elevation of his people; a work which he has followed with the devotion of a religious. His father, the late Amand Landry, M.P.P., championed the cause of the French Acadians with incorruptible honesty and fidelity for many years, and he was the first one of the race that secured a seat in the Assembly. His son was the first to become an executive councillor and to obtain a portfolio. He commanded sufficient influence also to give them representation for the first time in the Legislative Council of the Province. He has also secured for them now for the first time a seat on the judicial bench. The French people of old Acadia owe much to the abilities, courage and fidelity of Hon. Mr. Landry, and to the confidence these qualities have inspired in the people at large. Mr. Landry has secured these large and important results for his people by methods that were altogether commendable and worthy. While a section of politicians had grown up in the Province of Quebec determined to make themselves masters, by flaunting the flag of defiance in the face of the dominant race in Canada and by reckless appeals to race feelings and prejudice, Mr. Landry has pursued a diametrically opposite course, and while on the one side he has inculcated moderation and temperance on the part of his people, he has appealed to the sense of justice and fair play of the Anglo-Saxon race, and appealed with such eloquence and pertinacity that every concession that he solicited has now been granted. As long as leaders of the French people pursue the wise and temperate policy that Mr. Landry followed with so much success, so long will a generous confidence be inspired in both races and a mutual good will generated that will render any injustice between them impossible. We congratulate the Government in making so judicious an appointment, and trust Judge Landry will long enjoy his new honours.

THE REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN, B.D., LATE PASTOR OF ERSKINE CHURCH.—In the following sketch mention has been made of the circumstances that led to the erection of Erskine church. The Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Gibson continued to be associated with the late Rev. Dr. Taylor in the pastorate of the church for nearly eight years after the opening of the new edifice. On the 6th of April, 1874, he resigned to accept an invitation to Chicago, whence some years later he moved to London. His successor, the Rev. James S. Black, remained in co-operation with Dr. Taylor till his death in 1876, and after that date the duties of the pastorate were entirely devolved upon him. In April, 1884, Mrs. Black's health requiring a change to a warmer climate, he removed to Colorado Springs. On his departure the congregation invited the Rev. L. H. Jordan to take his place. Mr. Jordan is, unlike his predecessors, of Canadian birth. He was born in Halifax, N.S., on the 7th of May, 1855, and has, therefore, just entered on his 36th year. After receiving his preliminary education in his native city, he studied theology at the University of Edinburgh. After spending some time in European travel, he returned to Halifax, and, being invited to assume pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church, his character and services gave universal satisfaction. Coming to Montreal in 1884 as the Rev. Mr. Black's successor, he soon won the confidence and affection of his people, who not long since learned with regret of his determination to accept another sphere of labour.

ERSKINE CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This fine edifice, situated on the corner of Peel and St. Catherine streets, is the

centre of religious life to one of the most important and flourishing of the Presbyterian congregations of Montreal. Its early history is associated with the memory of the late Rev. William Taylor, D.D., for nearly half a century a highly esteemed citizen of Montreal, and for his piety, learning and lofty principles held in honour by members of all denominations. Dr. Taylor was licensed to preach in 1827, and in 1831 was ordained as a minister of the Secession Church. Two years later he came to Montreal, and soon after his arrival the congregation with which his name was so long identified was formed through his instrumentality. Until 1866 the congregation worshipped in the old church on the corner of Lagachetière and Chenneville streets. In 1864, the Rev. John M. Gibson (now pastor of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, London, England), who had been appointed Dr. Taylor's colleague and prospective successor, began to urge on his people the advisability of erecting a church more in harmony with the requirements of the congregation. His efforts were successful, and on the 29th of April, 1866, Erskine Church (the name of which is a memorial of the congregation's pre-union record) was opened for public worship. It is one of the handsomest, as well as one of the most commodious, churches in the city. Constructed of rough limestone, faced with dressed stone from the same quarry, it presents a happy blending of colour and finish, which harmonizes well with its tasteful Gothic outlines. The congregation is prosperous and generous, and learned long since to vie with the pastor in zealous attention to the interests of the church.

SAW-LOGS GATHERED IN BOOMS AT HULL, OPPOSITE OTTAWA.—This is a sight with which every resident in every visitor to, the Capital of the Dominion must be familiar. Fitly, indeed, has the beaver been selected as the symbol of Canadian industrial activity, for the habits of that "primeval engineer and lumberman" typify one of the most important enterprises of our capitalists and occupations of our labourers. Our Canadian civilization has, to cite one of our writers, advanced in the wake of the lumbering trade. Of this great business there are two chief branches—one, conducted in the bush, the securing of the timber; the other, on the water, the transport of it to its destination. It is to one of the phases of the latter branch that our engraving has reference. This phase begins with the first warm days of spring, when the lumbermen set about getting the logs down the roll-ways into the rivers, and thence directing their course to mill or market. This is sometimes perilous work, as, should any obstacle cause a jam, it is a delicate and dangerous task to clear the water way for the advance of the floating mass. For this purpose the men are armed with picks and cant-hooks, by which the logs can be extricated, grasped and turned over as necessity arises. The effective use of these "driving tools" requires considerable practice; but the skill that some of the river drivers acquire by experience is surprising to the uninitiated. Dams have been constructed for the utilization at will of water of limited quantity to float the logs and urge them forward, and are furnished with gates and sluiceways. Artificial channels, called slides, to evade falls and rapids, have also been built on the most important of our rivers. The cribs, described in our last issue, shoot these slides—a process which calls for the exercise of courage, caution and the tact that comes of long use. Where there is no slide, the crib has to be taken asunder and the separate pieces sent down the rapids to be gathered in booms below. Our engraving shows a large area of these boom-guarded logs, which in due time will be transformed into many shapes for many uses, to be distributed near and far for the comfort and convenience of millions.

MOISTURE IN THE HOUSE.

A pitcher filled with cold water and placed in a room in summer will "sweat"—at least, that is what it is commonly called. The pitcher does not sweat, because it is not porous and cannot sweat; but the cold water inside of it chills the outer surface, and, as soon as the outer surface of the pitcher becomes cooler than the atmosphere in the room, the moisture of the air will be precipitated upon the pitcher in drops.

The simple illustration should teach all housewives to avoid suddenly opening rooms in a house when the outside atmosphere is warmer than the temperature of the rooms and full of moisture. In all such cases the wall paper, furniture, etc., being cooler than the outside air, will speedily have the moisture of the atmosphere precipitated upon them, and it will require days to restore the house to the dry condition that is essential to health.

There are no arbitrary freaks in the laws which govern the atmosphere surrounding us, and there is nothing very abstruse in mastering them. Warm, damp air will ever precipitate its moisture in houses and elsewhere whenever it comes in contact with anything chilled by a cooler atmosphere, and that is the whole story. The only thing to be added is that, when people have thus ignorantly or negligently allowed their houses to become damp, they should light fires and dry them as promptly as possible.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"Erline," of Jersey City, is informed by "J. R." of Detroit, that the phrase "My eye and Betty Martin" is a corruption of a Latin sentence. The prayer recited in some churches on St. Martin's Day (November 11) begins "O mihi, beate Martine," and this was transformed by the populace into the expression as given above. "J. R." copies from the Times Telescope of London, 1816.

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC BY STEAMER.

(We are privileged by being permitted to give an advanced chapter of the new book soon to be issued by the author of "Historical Notes on Quebec.")

I.

Leaving far behind in the dusk of the evening the innumerable gas and electric lights of the magnificent city of the Royal Mount—known as Ville Marie in the primitive, rude times of her worthy founder, Chomedey de Maisonneuve, I filled in the time, after enjoying a substantial meal, listening to snatches of soft music and popular French songs which a long-bearded, dignified M.P.P. warbled *en amore*—"En roulant, ma boule roulant; en roulant, ma boule!" "Un Canadien errant, loin de ses foyers," etc. A bright-eyed Milesian damsel, led to the piano by her *cavalière servante*, closed, much to her satisfaction, the musical portion of the evening with Tom Moore's exquisite boat song, though "St. Anne" and its "rapids were not near," *et vogue la galère!*

Presently the pilot pulled his regulation bell and the steamer took a sheer in shore, landed a few noisy deck passengers and some freight at the thriving town of Sorel, which crowns the *embouchure* of the historic Richelieu, for many decades the highway of the marauding Iroquois—descending like a ravenous wolf from his mountain fastness near New York. Sorel, under early English rule a noted U. E. Loyalist settlement, has for more than a half century ceased to be the headquarters of King George III.'s staunch adherents, the United Empire Loyalists of 1783, who, on the proclamation of independence, gave up, at Boston, New York and Philadelphia, fortunes, friends and position rather than go back on their allegiance to their King. For years—visited in 1787 by George III.'s son, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.—it went under the name of Fort William Henry, and was once much sought after as a fashionable summer resort by the high officials of Montreal. Its modern name has been dropped long since. The French name bequeathed to it by Captain de Saurel, an officer of Col. Salieres's dashing regiment, who, in 1664, completed the fort then in process of construction on the Richelieu, was resuscitated.

The mere mention of the Richelieu, so long the homeward course of the Iroquois canoes, returning with their gory trophies to the picturesque banks of the Hudson, recalls visions of blood, alarm and ambush—of which happily no trace, save in history, now remains. Any school-boy will tell you the gruesome story of the pet fox who, on the 19th of August, 1819, at Sorel, bit the Duke of Richmond, then Governor-General of the Province, and the sad end by hydrophobia of the great Scotch duke a few days later at a village, since called Richmond, in Ontario. There are yet in Champlain's city those who can recollect the body of the dead Governor lying in state at the Chateau Saint Louis, in Quebec, previous to being removed to its last resting place on the 14th September, 1819, under the chancel of the English Cathedral. Sorel to me, in the days of youthful hopes, meant a week of marvellous duck and snipe shooting in September on the reedy shores of its green isles,—hampers of game, to the bagging of which a trusty guide, Maxime Manjeau, and other local *chasseurs*, had something to say.

Our next stoppage—but we were in the arms of Morpheus at the time—was at the drowsy town of Three Rivers, founded in 1634 by Lavolette, and for half a century and more an important fur-trading post, and a fort and mission of the Jesuits. We saw it not—no even in our dreams—though its stirring chronicles had recently been so lovingly unrolled for us by a gifted author—Benjamin Sulte, the historian.

Whole fleets of Huron and Algonquin canoes, in 1640-60, used to bring here each spring the products of their winter hunts—hundreds of packages of beaver, martin, minx, deer skins—and bartered them at the fort for powder, knives, shot, blankets, beads, brandy, etc.

How fortunate the modern town has been to have given birth to such an able writer and devoted son as Sulte! Will Three Rivers ever erect Mr. Sulte a statue? With what vividness, with what singular industry, has not the Trifluvian annalist written the history of Three Rivers from its precarious beginnings! How easy at present to reconstruct in one's mind the grim old fort—its sieges with all their alarms!

One recognizes at once the spots where the ferocious Iroquois concealed themselves to butcher their foes, the Hurons and Algonquins, allies of the French, occasionally scalping in cold blood some of King Louis' subjects. With the aid of Sulte's *Chronique Trifluvienne*, one can follow step by step the perilous career of our early missionaries—Buteux, LeMaistre, Lallemand, La Noüe, Jogues. You feel inclined to accompany the hardy trooper Caron in his wintry search, discovering at the Ile Platte, near Three Rivers, on the 2nd of February, 1645, the missing Jesuit, La Noüe, "recumbent on a snow-drift, kneeling on the river bank, with arms crossed on his breast, frozen stiff with eyes wide open gazing heavenward, his cap and snow-shoes lying near him," "victim, the good man, of his humane efforts in trying to find relief for his less hardy companions. Overtaken by a snow storm and buried in the blinding drift the poor missionary had lost his way. No wonder that Caron should have knelt down and said a prayer after loading the dead hero on his sledge, and departed sorrowfully for Three Rivers, having marked the spot with a cross on the bark of a tree. That night the faithful of Three Rivers prayed to one more saint. They were men, the missionaries

and explorers of 1645. What dauntless *voyageurs*, what expert woodsmen must have existed in those early days among the Trifluviens? Hertel, Marguerie, Nicolet, Godefroy and Normanville, and those astute, indomitable, sanguinary savages—Piescuret and Ahatsistari. What a pity their striking forms in war paint and costume have not been preserved to us by the painter's brush as well as by the historian's pen? Here was the site of the fort, there stood the convent; on that steep bank where our steamer was moored was *Le Platon*. Governor Pierre Boucher dwelled close by with his patriarchal family.

Then again, what thrilling episodes Mr. Sulte relates of Indian cruelty, Indian stratagem, tiger-like instincts! Here goes one of his striking pen-photographs:—"An Algonquin girl, captured about the 1st of April (1646) by the Agniers (Mohawks) and brought home with them, succeeded, after about ten days captivity, in making her escape by slipping off during the night the thongs which held her and walking over the prostrate forms of her guardians plunged in sleep. The desire for revenge burnt so fiercely in her breast that she could not refrain from seizing an axe and braining one of the sleepers. She was at once pursued, but took refuge in a hollow tree, where no one thought of seeking her. On viewing her pursuers depart, she directed her flight in an opposite direction. Her footsteps were, however, traced at night fall. To elude pursuit, she ran to the river and immersed her body under water, where she remained unseen. The Agniers gave up the pursuit and returned home. She travelled on foot thirty-five days, living on wild berries and roots. On approaching Sorel, she built a raft and took to the water. When near Three Rivers she became alarmed at the sight of a canoe, landed and hid in the deep woods, from which she made her way laboriously to the fort, close to the shore. Some Hurons discovered her and attempted to join her, when she begged of them to throw some clothing to her, which they did. She was then taken to M. de la Potherie. The account of her escape seemed almost incredible; but other hair-breadth escapes of a similar nature which followed ceased to cause any more surprise."*

Marvellous also are the adventures of the great Algonquin chief, Simon Piescuret. "On one occasion," says Mr. Sulte, "when striving to escape from a whole band of Iroquois in pursuit, he turned his snowshoes end for end, so that the track seemed as directed north, when he was going south. The Iroquois altered their course in consequence, and Piescuret, watching his opportunity, followed them, knocking on the head the laggards from the main body. Piescuret was unrivalled in that mode of warfare where great physical strength is required, where wood-craft and stratagem takes the place of genius, and where ambush is necessary. He could outrun a deer, and in single combat he did not seem to heed numbers.

"One day he started from Three Rivers, his ordinary residence, and went and hid in an Iroquois village more than fifty leagues away. Under the veil of night he crept out of his hiding place, entered a hut, massacred the whole family, and hid in a pile of fuel close by. The alarm was given, but the murderous savage was not discovered. The next night he repeated the bloody drama, carried away the scalps and retreated to his wood pile.

"The whole village remained on guard on the third night. Piescuret, in spite of all the precautions taken, issued from his retreat, opened the door of a hut full of watchful savages, brained the man nearest to him, and fled with the whole band of savages at his heels; outstripping them, he never ceased running all that night and secreted himself in a hollow tree. The enemy, doubtful of effecting his capture, camped down, lit a fire and slept. Piescuret in the darkness crept up unseen, tomahawked and then scalped the unsuspecting slumberers and made for home with his bloody trophies.

"On another occasion, filling his gun with bullets, and accompanied by four savages well armed and concealed in the bottom of his canoe, he pretended to be fishing alone at the entrance of the river at Sorel. Some Iroquois canoes started in pursuit. He allowed them to come close by pretending to surrender, when he and his companions springing up riddled the Iroquois canoes with balls. They began to fall. In the confusion he upset some, having jumped in the stream. Swimming with one hand and bearing in the other his terrible tomahawk, which he plied vigorously, killing several and taking some prisoners, whilst the rest fled."†—(Benj. Sulte.)

"The Roman Catholic Church of Three Rivers—commenced in 1715, pushed on in 1740, and completed in 1806—is well worthy of the attention of *connoisseurs* as a specimen of the ornate primitive Canadian place of worship. Its external walls, however, are not noteworthy; but its interior is laid out in the florid, *rococo* style of the Louis XV. era. Sculptures of quaint aspect adorn the ceiling and internal walls. The pulpit is a marvel in design and antique ornamentation. The main altar with its frame of four columns is remarkable in its way, nor ought the gorgeous pew of the church wardens to be forgotten."‡

"The old church at Three Rivers, richly endowed by the Godefroys (descendants of the old Normand Godefroys), still has the arms of this distinguished family superbly carved on the *Blanc d'Euvres*."§

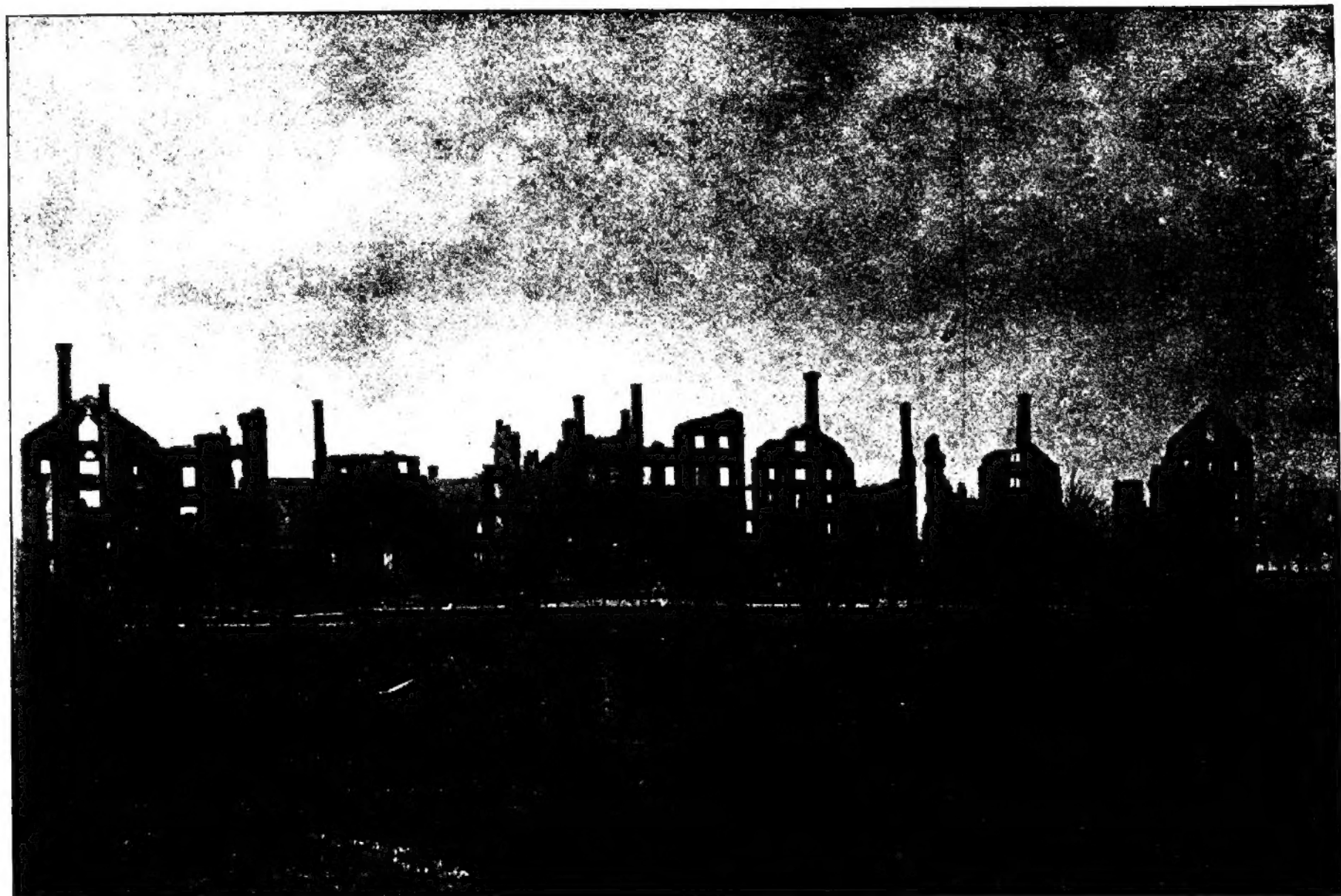
J. M. LEMOINE.

*Chronique Trifluvienne, page 59.

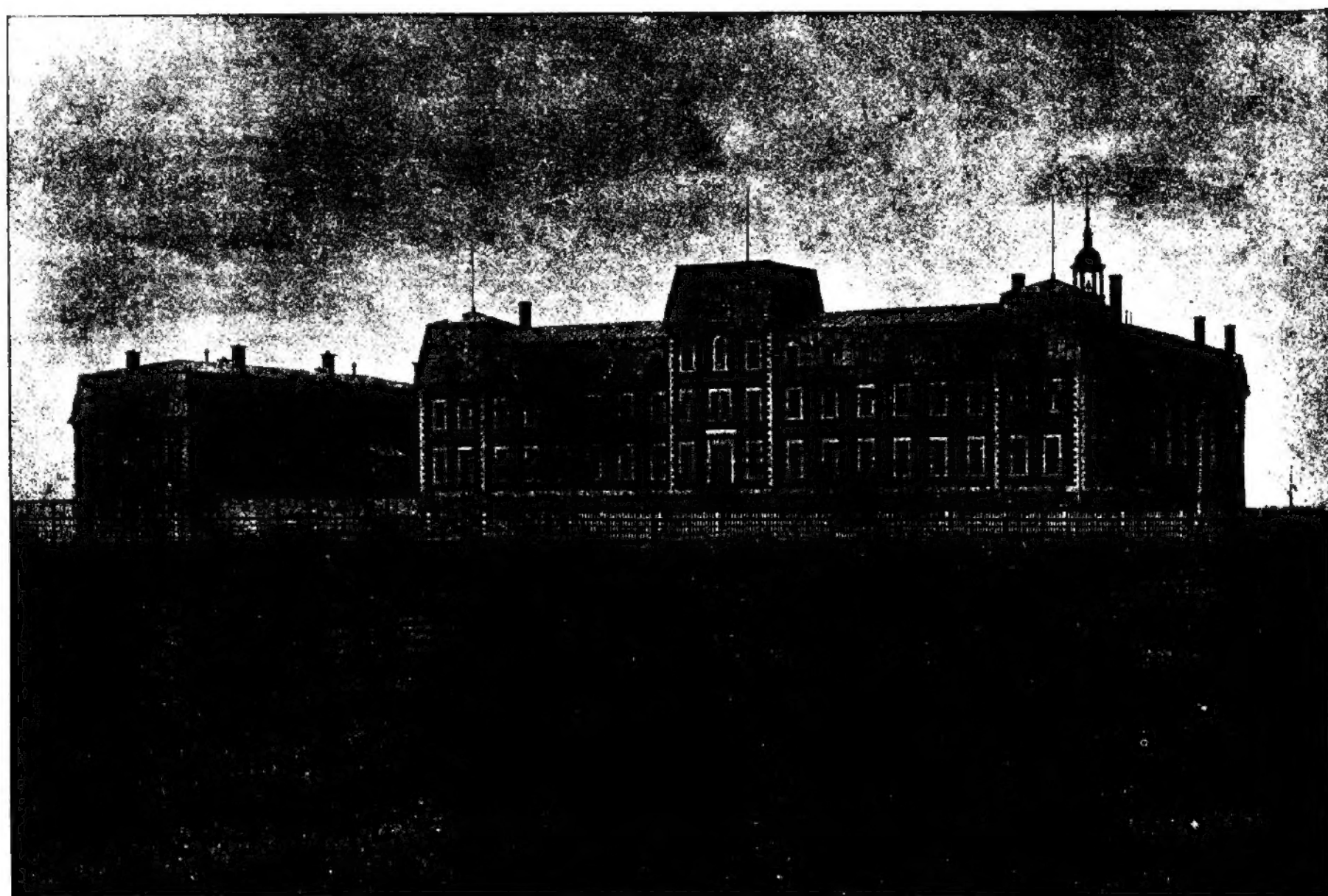
†Chronique Trifluvienne, p. 19.

‡Canadian Antiquarian, October, 1889.

§Hamelin's "Legends of Le Detroit," page 300.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.



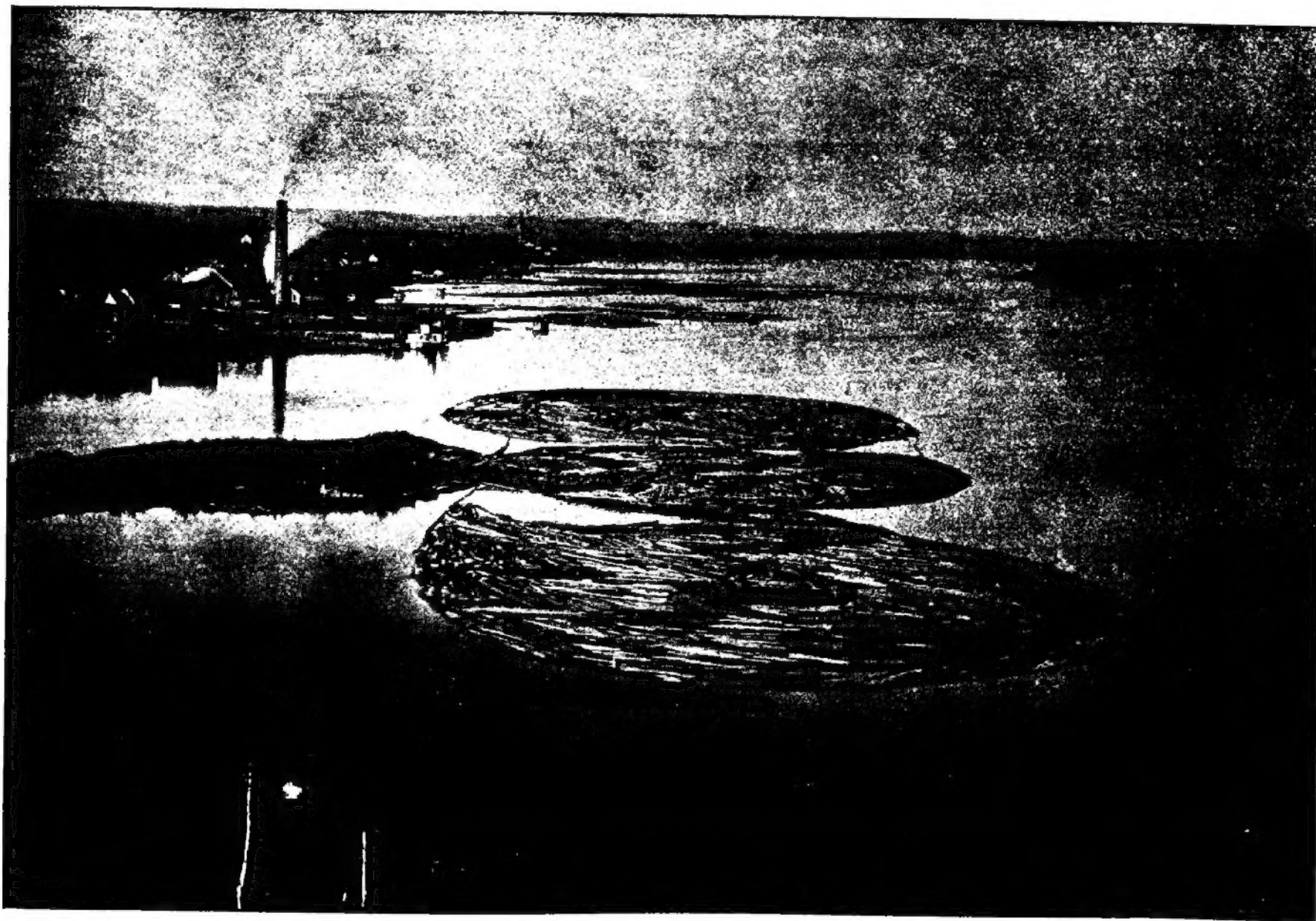
ST. BENOIT ASYLUM, LONGUE POINTE, WHERE MANY OF THE LUNATICS WERE SHELTERED.



JUDGE LANDRY, OF NEW BRUNSWICK.
(Schleyer, photo., Fredericton.)



REV. MR. JORDAN, LATE OF ERSKINE CHURCH, MONTREAL.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SAW-LOGS GATHERED IN BOOMS AT HULL, OPPOSITE OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)



"CROWDED OUT."

If there are any of our readers who have missed seeing the charming little volume that bears this title, a pleasure awaits them which we must be careful not to impair by untimely confidences. "Crowded Out and Other Sketches" we owe to a writer with whose *nom de plume* (Seranus) the readers of the *Week* cannot fail to be familiar. The masculine termination is misleading. "Seranus" is a lady. We may tell the uninitiated what it means another time.

"I compose as well as write. I am ambitious. For the sake of one other I am ambitious. If nobody will discover me I must discover myself. I must demand recognition. I must wrest attention. They are my due." Thus does the love-sick, home-sick, hope-sick author of the opera, comedy, verses, songs and sketches that he has brought to London to sell, disclose himself to us as he pines, in his bleak lodging-house room, for his darling Hortense. "Hortense, the *châtelaine* of Beau Séjour, the delicate, haughty, pale and impassioned daughter of a noble house." She was a St. Hilaire; he was nobody. But he loved her in spite of caste, loved her madly, impatiently. He could not even bide his time. He would have her, in spite of the reverend guardian, whom he had insulted. And now he is far away in cruel London, seeing her only in dreams. He would go back rich, prosperous, to claim her. Alas! he has tried everything, in vain—"Everything except the opera. Everything else has been rejected." The opera will never even be offered; for, at last, the truth dawns upon him: "I am not wanted. I am 'crowded out,'" and he passes away with the name of Hortense upon his lips. So much in explanation of the title.

"Monsieur, Madame and the Pea-Green Parrot" is a witty piece of mystification, in which we have characteristic glimpses of more than the faces and figures of some rather peculiar people.

"The Bishop of Saskabasquia" is creditable to the Anglican Episcopate in Canada and to the author, and Mrs. S. is worth becoming acquainted with. The two succeeding sketches, "As it Was in the Beginning" and "The Idyll of the Island," are not companion pictures, save for some touches that betray their common authorship. On the whole, we like Sir Humphrey's romance better than Amherst's.

The next three stories are racy of this soil of ours, and we recommend them both for that reason and for their intrinsic merits. Mademoiselle Josephine Boulanger stands out on the canvass as an unmistakable Quebecoise, a prepossessing little figure, with a dignity of her own and the charm of mien that is Heaven's gift to *le peuple gentilhomme*. In Chezy D'Alincourt we have a type of a class that may still be met with among the *habitants* and *bourgeois* of our province. Such Etiennees, with their fair sisters, may easily, by signs not to be doubted, be picked out of the crowds of church-goers or holiday-makers on any Sunday or saint's day in the year by those who care to search for them. But it is not every one that could celebrate his treasure-trove with the skill and grace of Seranus. "Descendez à l'ombre ma Jolie Blonde" is one of the best told tales in the book. It is weirdly dramatic and has an irresistible pathos. The longest of the stories is that of the Mr. Foxleys, and we must leave the reader to discover how they "came, stayed and never went away." It is Ontario's share in the volume, and is a capital story. A satirical sketch of New York fashionable life, "The Gilded Hammock," closes the collection. We read "Crowded Out" on its first appearance, four years ago, and have read it over again with fresh interest and pleasure. It displays a very real gift of imagination, with no small share of constructive power, knowledge of character and skill in its portrayal, a considerable degree of dramatic faculty and effective touches of humour, pathos and occasionally of satire. (Ottawa Evening Journal Office.)

BAY LEAVES.

Some time ago we briefly acknowledged the receipt from Mr. G. Mercer Adam of a charming little volume entitled, "Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets." We cannot better introduce it to our readers than by quoting a portion of the learned author's introduction. "It is hardly necessary," he writes "to say anything about names so well known as these. Familiar to all who would take up anything classical are Martial, the creator of the epigram, the mirror of the social habits of Imperial Rome, amidst whose heaps of rubbish and ordure are some better things and some pleasant features of Roman character and life; Lucan, through whose early death, which left his work crude as well as incomplete, we have perhaps missed a great political epic, and who in his best passages rivals the writer of Absalom and Achitophel; the marvellous resurrection of Roman poetry in Claudian; Seneca seeking, under the Neronian Reign of Terror, to make for himself an asylum of stoicism and suicide; Catullus, with his Byronic mixture of sensibility and blackguardism; Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows; Propertius, whose crabbed style and sad addiction to frigid mythology are somehow relieved by passages of wonderful tenderness and beauty; Ovid, whose marvellous facility, vivacity and, to use the

word in its eighteenth century sense, wit, too often misemployed, appear in all his works, and who, though, like Pope, he had no real feeling, shows in the epistle of Dido to Aeneas that he could, like the writer of *Eloise* to Abélard, get up a fine tempest of literary passion; Tibullus, famed in his day like Shenstone and Tickell, about their fair equivalent, and the offspring of the same fashion of dallying with verse; and most interesting of all, Lucretius, the real didactic poet, who used his poetry as 'honey on the rim' of the cup out of which a generation, distracted with mad ambition and civil war, was to drink the medicinal draught of the Epicurean philosophy, and be at once beguiled of its woes and set free from the dark thralldom of superstition. A translator can only hope that he has not done great wrong to their shades."

We shall now present our readers with a few samples of the translator's skill.

In these verses Martial gives "A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness":

Vitam que faciunt beatorem
Jucundisse Martialis, hæc sunt.
Res non parva labore, sed relecta.
Non ingratus ager, focus pœcennis,
Las nunquam; toga rara, mens quæta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus.
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici.
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis.
Non tristis torus et tamen pucillus
domnus qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis esse velis, nihilque malis,
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes

These lines, addressed to the poet's kinsman, Julius Martialis, are thus translated:

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
If thou wouldst briefly learn, attend
An income left, not earned by toil.
Some acres of a kindly soil.
The pot unfailing on the fire,
No lawsuits, seldom town attire,
Health, strength, with grace; a peaceful mind
Shrewdness with honesty combined;
Plain living, equal friends and free;
Evenings of temperate gaiety.
A wife discreet, yet blythe and bright,
Sound slumber that lends wings to night,
With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
Wish not for death and fear it not.

This version, our readers will agree, is extremely happy. Another example from the same poet is the epigram on the death of Arria and Poetus:

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Poeto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis.
Si qua ades, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit;
Sed quod tu tacies, hoc mihi, Poete, dolet.

The translation is as follows:

The poniard, with her life-blood o'ed,
When Arria to her Poetus gave,
"Twere painless, my beloved," she cried,
"If but my death thy life could save."

In this case the spirit of the original is finely preserved. We shall now select a passage from Seneca, "The Stoic Idea of perfection":

Regem non faciunt opes,
Non vestis, Lyncæ color,
Non frontis nota regie,
Non auro nitida fores.
Rex est qui posuit metus
Et diri mala pectoris,
Quem non ambitio impotens
Et nunquam stabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis movet;
Non quidquid fodit Occidens
Aut unda Tagus aurea
Claro revehit alveo;
Non quidquid Libycis tenu
Fervens areæ messibus;
Quem non concutiet cadens
Obliqui via fulminis,
Non Euræus rapens mare,
Aut sævo rabidus freto
Ventosi tumor Adriæ.

* * * * *

The translation runs as follows:

What makes the king? His treasure? No.
Nor yet the circlet on his brow;
Nor yet the purple robe of state,
Nor yet the golden palace gate.
The king is he who knows no fear
Whose heart no angry passions tear,
Who scorns insane ambition's wreath,
The maddening crowd's incessant breath,
The wealth of Europe's mines, the gold
In the bright tide of Tagus rolled,
And the unmeasured stores of grain
Garnered from Libya's sultry plain
Who quails not at the levin's stroke,
On raging storms can calmly look,
Though the wild winds on Adriæ rave
And round him swell the threatening wave
* * * * *

One of the finest instances of sympathetic and scholarly interpretation in the volume is the rendering of "The Praise of Epicurus" in the beginning of the 3rd Book of Lucretius (*De Rerum Natura*):

Et tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
Qui primus potuisti, mihi strans commoda vitæ,
Te sequor, O Græci gentis decus, inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,
Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari avel. Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis? Aut quidnam tremulis tacere artibus hædi
Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis?
Tu pater et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta, tuisque ex, inclute, chartis,
Floriteris ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos iudem depascitur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita
Nam simul ac ratio tua coëpti vociferari
Naturam rerum hæud divina mente coartam,
Diffugunt animi terrores, in membra mandis
Discedunt, totum video per mane geri res.

Of the foregoing lines this is the translation:

O, thou that in such darkness such a light
Didst kindle to man's ways a beacon fire,
Glorious of Grecian land! To tread aright
Where thou has trod, this is my heart's desire
To love, not rival, is my utmost thought—
To rival thee what mortal can aspire?
Can swallows match with swans, or the weak feet
Of kids vie in the race with couriers fleet?
Father, discoverer, guide, we owe to thee
The golden precepts that shall ne'er grow old
As I sip honey on the flowery lea,
Knowledge we sip of all the world doth hold
Thy voice is heard: at once the shadows flee,
The portals of the universe unfold,
And ranging through the void thy follower's eye
Sees Nature at her work in earth and sky.

The last specimen of the translator's work that our space will now permit us to lay before our readers is a passage from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, in which he depicts the character of Julius Cæsar:

Sed non in Cæsare tantum
Nomen erat, nec fama dâcis, sed nescia virtus
Stare loco, solusque pudor non vincere bello
Acer et indomitus, quo spes, quoque ira vocasset,
Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parere ferro,
Successus urgere suos, instare favori
Numinis, impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret, gaudensque viam texisse ruinæ
Qualiter expressum ventus per nubila fulmen
Æthere impulsu sonitu, mundique fragore
Emicuit, rupitque diem, populosque paventes
Terruit, obliqua præstinguens humida flamma,
In sua templa furit, nulla que exire vetante
Materia, magnam que cadens, magnam que revertens
Dat stragem late, sparsosque recolligit ignes.

This passage is thus rendered:

Not thus the talisman of Cæsar's name,
But Cæsar had, in place of empty fame,
The unresting soul, the resolution high
Which shuts out every thought but victory.
Whate'er his goal, no mercy nor dismay
He owned, but drew the sword and cleft his way.
Pressed each advantage that his fortune gave,
Constrained the stars to combat for the brave;
Swept from his path whate'er his rise delayed
And marched triumphant through the wreck he made
So, while the crashing thunder peals on high,
Leaps the white lightning from the storm-rent sky,
Affrights the people with its dazzling flame,
Smites e'en his temple from whose hand it came.
Winged with destruction, flashes to and fro,
Overthrows to reach, and reaches to overthrow.

We have taken these passages, not as the best examples of the translator's work, but as fairly illustrating its range as well as the skill, judgment and taste that he brings to bear on whatever he touches. At some future time we hope to give a few specimens from his interpretations of Horace, Catullus and Ovid, which we had marked for reproduction. The book is printed for private circulation, and a charming little book it is—an honour to Mr. C. Blackett Robinson and to Canada. The Introduction is signed by "G. S." and dated from "The Grange, Toronto."

Reviews of "Selections from the Greek Anthology," edited by Graham R. Tomson, of the "Life of Jane Austen," by Dr. Goldwin Smith, of "Grim Truth," by Miss A. Vail, and of "The Great Hymns of the Church," by the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., are held over for lack of space. This last work contains more than one deserved tribute to the scholarship and learned research of our poet friend and esteemed contributor, Mr. George Murray.

PEG O'NEILL'S WELL AT WADDOW.

Peg O'Neill was a young woman who once upon a time was settled at the Hall. She had upon a certain day a bitter quarrel with her master and mistress, who, upon her departure to the well to obtain the domestic supply of water, wished that before she came back she might fall and break her neck. The wish was realised. The ground was covered with ice, and by some means the girl slipped, and falling broke her neck. In order to annoy those who had wished her this evil, her spirit continually revisited the spot, and with shrieks and hideous noises of all kinds allowed them no rest, especially during the dark days of winter. She became the evil genius of the neighbourhood. In addition to inflicting these perpetual annoyances, she required every seventh year a life to be sacrificed to appease her. The story was, as told by R. Dobson in his "Rambles on the Ribble," that unless Peg night, as the time of sacrifice at the end of every seventh year was called, was duly observed by the inhabitants of the place and some living animal duly slain and offered, the life of a human being would certainly be taken before the morning. One winter's night when the winds blew in loud and fearful gusts and beat the rain against windows, a young man had stayed at a neighbouring inn longer than was good for him, but yet he boastfully declared that he must cross the river and be in Clitheroe that night. Efforts to induce him not to brave the storm and the frozen river were vain. To check them, however, the maidservant of the inn reminded him that it was Peg O'Neill's night. He cared not for Peg O'Neill; he laughed at the superstition as to her demands, and giving his horse the rein was soon at the water side. There was then no bridge as now, but only a ford, and the "hippings," over which, long before, Henry VI. had essayed his flight. Next morning horse and rider were found drowned. How the accident happened no one knew—no eye saw "it," but no one doubted that Peg O'Neill had exacted her septennial tribute.—From Parkinson's "Yorkshire Legends."

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM No. 94.)

In the meanwhile, Major-General Sheaffe had hastily collected all the available force he could and marched for the scene of action. On his way he heard of the death of General Brock. Burning to avenge it he hurried onward and arrived at Queenston at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving two field pieces with thirty men in front of Queenston, so as to hinder the enemy from occupying the village, Major-General Sheaffe made a long detour to the right so as to gain the open ground in the rear of the Heights upon which the enemy were posted.

Arriving at the heights the Indians were sent forward to clear a passage for the troops, and so well did they perform their duty that in spite of the enemy's pickets, which had been thrown out in that direction, the little army gained the Heights without losing a man. They found the enemy drawn up in readiness for the attack. The British line, between eight and nine hundred, was at once formed. On the brow of the hill were the Indians, the militia, who had fought so well in the morning, and with them the others who had just arrived with General Sheaffe. In the centre were the remnant of the 49th flank companies and the right of the main body of the 41st Regiment. On the road leading to the Falls was the principal portion of the 41st Grenadiers. And now came the moment of nervous expectancy and eager anticipation. On the one side hearts beat high with eagerness for the coming conflict, while on the other the storm which they had provoked and which is now about to burst upon them causes them, as they glance back on the precipice behind and the resolute foe in front, to grasp their weapons with the resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Between the flank of the 41st and the precipice of Queenston Heights was a space covered with small trees. Under cover of these, the enemy's left attempted to turn the outer flank of the 41st, but so warm and destructive was the fire that met them that they were compelled to retire.

And almost immediately the advance was sound ed, and with a mighty shout, mingled with the war whoop of the Indians, the whole line rushed eagerly forward, impatient to revenge their loss and retrieve the glory of the day. Long and well had the enemy retained their position, and bravely had they fought. But the hour of their triumph was at an end, and they were to learn what a few resolute regulars and the Canadian militia could accomplish—a militia who fought for love of country and home, and who were ever foremost in the field of battle; a militia who, though composed of two different races were united in one common bond of love for their country, and who so nobly proved their patriotism to the enemy as to settle for once and for ever the hopelessness of their having any desire of abandoning the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes. So fierce was the charge that the enemy broke and fled in wild disorder, but escape was impossible; in front was the precipice with the swiftly flowing waters of the Niagara below, while behind, swiftly bearing down on them came the soldiers and Indians. Closer and closer are they driven to the edge of the precipice, louder and fiercer sound the yells of the Indians as they strike down those nearest to them; the hoarse cry of command and the shrieks of the dying mingle in horrible confusion. To go back was impossible, and so in their frantic efforts to escape many threw themselves over the precipice into the surging water below, while others endeavoured to escape by the path they had ascended, grasping at shrub and rock to assist them in their descent, only to have their hands loosened by the Indians and to fall in mangled groups on the rocks below. In the midst of this dreadful scene an officer was seen to approach bearing a white flag with an offer of unconditional surrender. This at once put an end to the conflict. The prisoners numbered about one thousand officers and men. The force at Queenston, on the landing of the enemy in the morning, were two companies of the 49th Regiment and a small detachment of militia—in all about three hundred rank and file. The reinforcement brought

by Major-General Sheaffe made the whole force at the close of the day under one thousand, and of this number about eighty were killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is thought to have been about four hundred more.

And thus did the second attempt to take Canada fail, as the first had failed. The news of the victory was received throughout Canada with heartfelt gratitude, but accompanying it was a dull throb of pain at the sad loss of General Brock, a loss which they felt it would be impossible to replace. Not only had he endeared himself to the soldiers, but also to the Indians, who looked upon him as a warrior worthy of their own great chiefs, and who had flocked to his banner with the greatest enthusiasm. On the 16th October Brock was laid to rest, but not alone—his brave aide-de-camp, Colonel McDonnell, slept in the same grave. And as the minute guns boomed forth they were answered by those of the American Fort Niagara, whose flag was hoisted at half-mast showing the great esteem and respect in which he was held, even by the enemy.

Major-General Sheaffe now assumed both the civil and military command in Upper Canada. An armistice of three days was asked by General Van Renselaer in order to take care of his wounded and bury his dead. The armistice was granted on condition that he would destroy all his boats. So disgusted was General Van Renselaer with the conduct of the militia that he shortly after resigned his command. Brigadier-General Smyth was appointed in his place. On taking command of the Niagara frontier, he applied for an armistice of thirty days, to which General Sheaffe consented. Why he did so it is difficult to know, except that "temporizing" was the Government "order of the day." This armistice, like the former one between Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn, proved of the greatest use to the enemy, for General Smyth immediately set about preparing more boats for another attack on the Upper Province, and also issued some wonderful proclamations to his army of six thousand men. The following are some of the speeches with which he regaled them:

"Companions in arms! The time is at hand when you will cross the stream of Niagara to conquer Canada.

"You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow-citizens. It is not against *them* that we come to make war; it is against that government which holds them as vassals.

"Soldiers! You are amply provided for war. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you—you, who charge with the bayonet!"

While General Smyth was thus employed at Niagara, General Dearborn had assembled ten thousand men on the New York frontier of Lower Canada and threatened Montreal from Plattsburg. And General Harrison, near the River Raisin, shadowed Detroit with another large army.

On the 17th November word was received at St. Phillip that General Dearborn was advancing upon Odellstown. Major de Salaberry, who commanded the Canadian Voltigeurs, and who had charge of the advanced posts on the lines, immediately strengthened his position at Lacolle. But it was not until the 20th that the enemy made the attack on the picket at Lacolle. Forging the river between three and four o'clock in the morning in two places, they mistook each other in the dark and fired upon their own people, killing several, after which they returned to Champlain Town, two or three miles from the line. This move of the enemy gave reason to expect more, and so an order was issued that the whole militia of the Province should be ready for active service. This order was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the militia, who longed for active service, and as they heard of the deeds done by their compatriots in the Upper Province they burned with a desire to show that when the time came they would be found as loyal to home and country. And now the time had come for them to play their part. Heretofore the scene of action had been confined to the West;

it was now to have a place in the East as well, and nobly did the men rally round the standard of their country. While events were thus taking place on land, two or three engagements took place on the lakes. As was said before, the enemy had greatly strengthened their force during the first armistice, so that now they had the superiority both in number and equipment. On the 9th November the enemy's fleet of seven chased the Royal George into Kingston channel and cannonaded her for some time, but being received by a heavy fire from the batteries they beat up to Four Mile Point. Next morning they went out of the channel and fell in with the schooner Simcoe, commanded by James Richardson, on its way from Niagara to Kingston. The following account is given of the affair:

The enemy's force, armed with long, heavy guns, intercepted her completely. Richardson, not relishing the idea of capture, attempted at first to run her ashore on Amherst Island, but the wind baffled this design. In the meantime one of the enemy's schooners got under his lee and opened fire; but, attempting to tack, "missed stays." Richardson's nautical blood was up in a moment. He cheered his men. "Look, lads, at these lubbers! Stand by me, and we will run past the whole of them and get safe into port." The answer was a ready cheer. The helm was "put up," and, spreading all sail, with a stiff breeze blowing the daring Simcoe bore down direct on the harbour, passing a little to the northward of the enemy, who, ship by ship, delivered their fire of round and grape, and vainly endeavoured to cross her bows. She shot by them all, with riddled sides and sails, but not a man hurt. Before reaching port she was struck under water with a 32-pound shot, filled and sank, but was easily raised afterwards and repaired. As she sank the crew fired their only piece of ordnance, a solitary musket, with a cheer of defiance, which was taken up and echoed by the citizens, troops and militia who thronged the shore.

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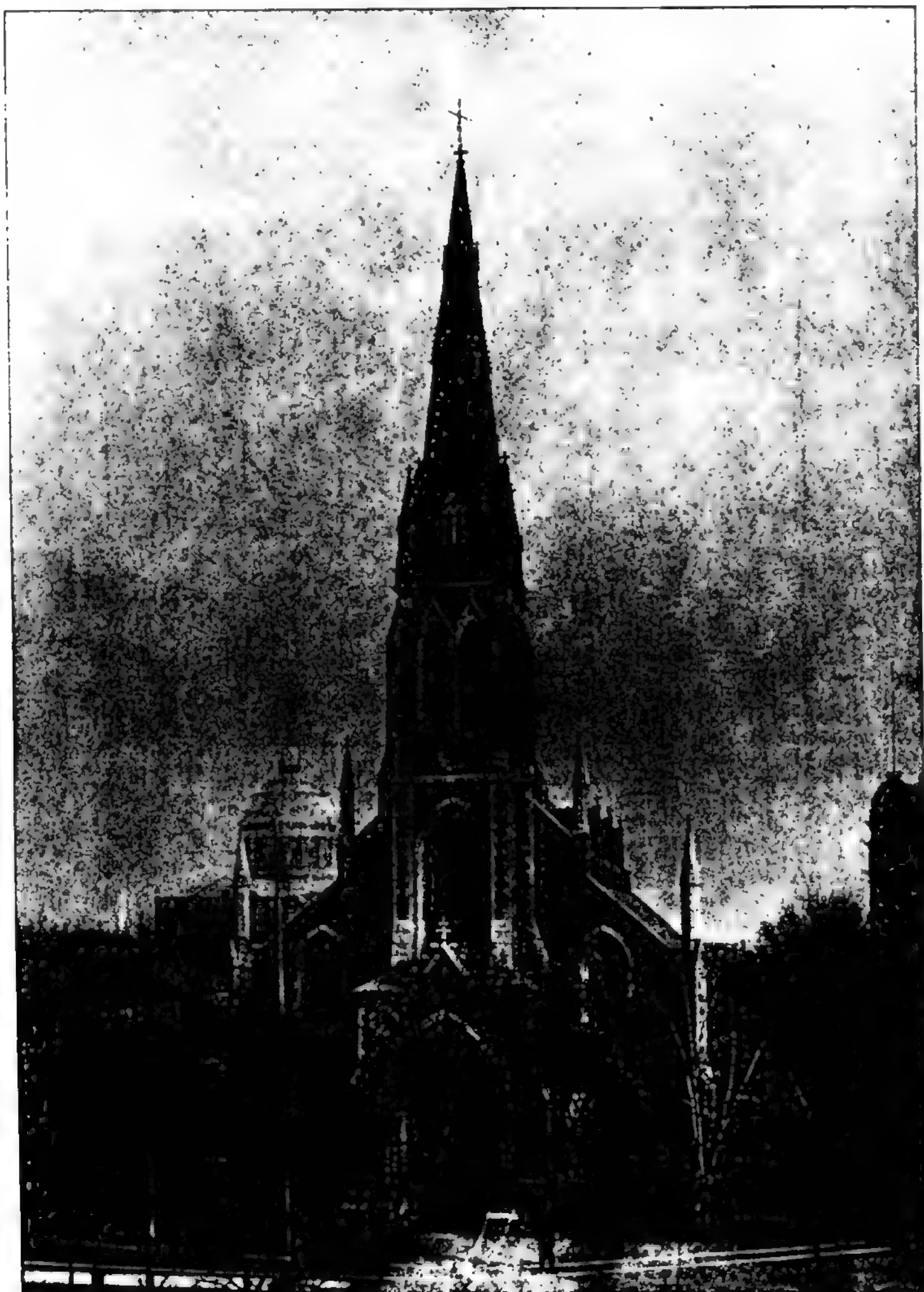
THE NORSE FEST-DAG.

The unique and beautiful entertainment entitled "The Norsk Fest-Dag" was given twice last month in Boston by Miss Alwina J. Noa and Miss Theodore H. Neilson, under the auspices of the Law and Order League. It is a series of dramatic tableaux illustrating the mythology, history, poetry and home-life of Norway. One gorgeous picture after another was presented to view, showing first Valhalla, then the funeral of Baldur, with the gods and goddesses moving slowly about the bier in solemn procession, the effect of their rich and strange dresses enhanced by the changing calcium lights; then four scenes from Frithiof's Saga, with gleaming rows of shields, martial music, a pathetic Frithiof, and a graceful Ingeborg singing her farewell in tones of piercing sweetness, the scenes from the Saga ending with a dance of white-clad altar-maidens in the temple, the reconciliation between king and hero under the persuasions of the venerable priest, and the marriage of the long-parted lovers before the flaming altar, with the shining statue of Baldur standing out in the background against a starry sky.

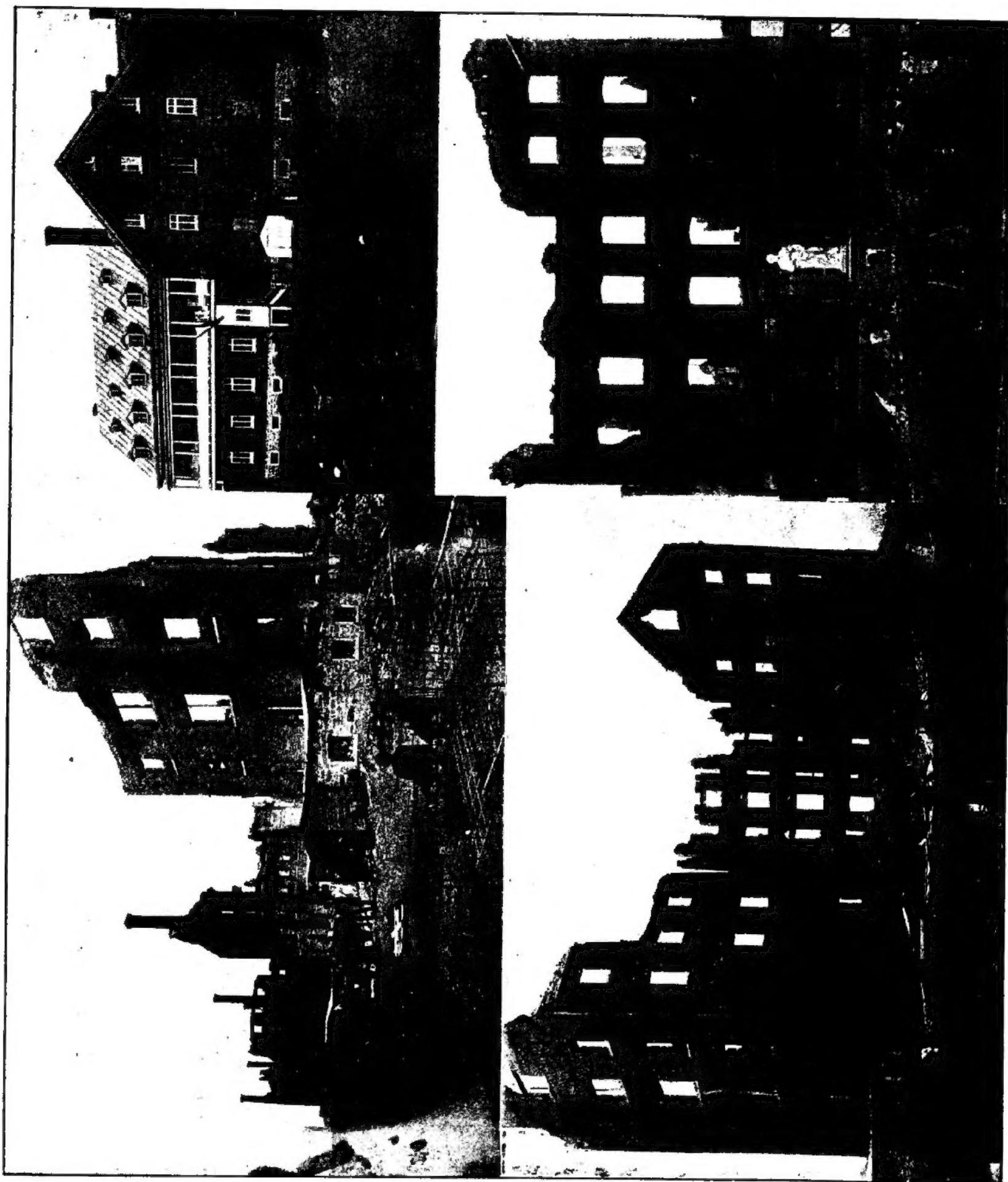
A particularly effective scene, and one which would have delighted George MacDonald, was the dance of Vampyrism (vampire trolls). They were personated by young girls clad in various soft colours, flitting about their queen in a dark cavern; and it seemed almost incredible that anything so pretty could be so suggestive of bats. "Light," personified as a maiden carrying a taper, enters the cave; the Vampyrism circle about her with flapping wings, and try in vain to extinguish the tiny flame of her candle. A black shadow, cast by the light, glides along behind their queen, calling up uncanny reminiscences of Shorthouse's "Countess Eve." After a prolonged contest, the light penetrates all the labyrinths of the cave, the shadow steals away, the queen is led to a cross (a cross hung with snow and icicles) and all the Vampyrism bow before it typifying the triumph of Christianity over the old Norwegian superstitions.

Other scenes represented "The Saeter Girl's Sunday," "The Wood Gatherers and the Elves," and "The Brollop," or bringing home the bride, showing a Norwegian wedding festival in which the famous spring dances of Norway were performed with great spirit and grace, the brilliant costumes adding much to the effect.

There was also a beautiful and interesting series of stereopticon views of Norse scenery. Rev. E. A. Horton explained the scenes; and on the first afternoon Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen gave several original readings. There was harp-playing by Ole Olsen, which was evidently much appreciated by the audience; and beautiful singing by Miss Lund and others. Every one praised the rare beauty of the entertainment; and it was a matter of great regret that, owing to insufficient advertising, the competition of the German opera and other causes, it was not as successful financially as it deserved.—*Woman's Journal*.



ERSKINE CHURCH, ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.
(Parks, photo.)



THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.
1, 3-4 VIEWS OF THE RUINS. 2. THE LAUNDRY WHICH WAS SAVED AND SERVED AS A REFUGE FOR MANY OF THE PATIENTS.



Corks may be made air and water-tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

Three simple meals a day and daily labour, warm clothing, sufficient food, sun and air are the main conditions upon which health can be enjoyed.

To clean a very dirty chamois skin take a bucket of clean water, making it middling strong with ammonia; allow the skin to soak over night; the next morning rinse it out in pure water, then wash with plenty of pure white soap and water.

The most desperate case of toothache can be cured (unless connected with rheumatism) by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth:—Two drachms of alum reduced to an impalpable powder, seven drachms of nitrous spirit of ether; mix and apply to the tooth.

It is a very common thing for young housekeepers to scorch their linen when learning to iron. Do not be discouraged. Wax your irons thoroughly and keep them in a dry place. This will prevent their sticking. If you find a scorched place expose it to the hottest rays of the sun. It will be obliterated in a short time.

PERFECT SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water. Beat sugar and yolks well together. Beat the whites separately. Then put the whites into the sugar and yolks and beat thoroughly. Finally stir in the flour, only enough to mix well. Bake quickly in a hot oven, in loaf or sheets.

OYSTER SALAD.—Two small cans Cove oysters, do not use the juice. Chop fine, five hard-boiled eggs. The whites are to be chopped and mixed with the oysters, the yolks are mixed with butter the size of an egg, and beaten to a cream; salt, pepper and celery to suit the taste, the celery must be cut in small pieces; mix all well together with vinegar to make a little thin.

PINEAPPLE.—Instead of slicing some hours before serving, and sprinkling it with sugar, pare it, then dig out the eyes, and with a strong silver fork claw out the fruit in small bits, beginning at the stem end, and leaving only the fibrous core. This is the way in which the pineapple is served in New Orleans, and when it can be had direct from the plant there is no other fruit so delicious.

CHOCOLATE.—Heat one quart of milk very hot and have mixed four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, when it comes to the boiling point add the chocolate and sugar to make it pleasant to the taste, let it boil just one minute, stirring carefully; it is now ready to serve at any time; keep it hot and a tablespoonful of whipped cream in each cup makes it delicious and also looks pretty.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—The celebrated German remedy for burns, consists of fifteen ounces of the best white glue, broken into small pieces, in two pints of water, and allowed to become soft; then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add two ounces of glycerine and six drachms of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

How many of our readers have a veritable workshop in their homes? "Workshop!" says some one in a surprised tone. Yes, workshop. Here is a description of one: A large sunny chamber, the floor painted, no carpet to catch the litter, with two or three light pretty rugs; there is a large "drop" table, hinged against the wall, which may be let down when not in use and the space is wanted for quilting frames, and there is a low, folding table, which every woman who has a family to cut and sew for ought to have a copy of; the chairs are of that comfortable, basket-seat variety known as 'piazza chairs,' stained cherry, varnished, and cushioned generously; there is a sewing machine, a scrap-basket or two, two or three hassocks, a monster 'hangle,' long and narrow, from which hang scissors of different sizes, cushions for pins and needles, etc., and a pretty rack for newspapers, as it is a pleasure and help in the midst of some particularly vexing piece of work to pick up a good magazine or paper and read, if not more than a minute, something that somebody else has done or said. If you can possibly have such a room do so by all means. Think what a comfort it would be to have everything ready, and if you are right in the midst of a piece of work when tea-time comes, why all you have to do is to turn the key in the workshop door and leave everything as it is until you are ready to commence. It saves a great deal of work, too, aside from the ways already mentioned; all the clippings, etc., are kept in one room, and the rest of the house is free from it and as neat as a new pin.

At informal receptions where the house is small and where but one servant is kept, two or three young lady friends to assist may be invited. The hall, library and

drawing-room may be beautifully decorated with flowers, or if a quantity cannot be obtained a large bowl of tulips in one room, a hyacinth in the pot, a few roses or carnations, loosely arranged in vases and placed where they will show to good advantage, will be sufficient. For refreshments—salad, either celery and cabbage, oyster, shrimp, chicken or lobster will answer; olives, sandwiches, coffee. On another afternoon chocolate and wafers, small cakes like lady fingers and macaroons may be served. The chocolate should be very hot and in a handsome pitcher. From three to five or four to six is found the most convenient hour. These suggestions are far the most informal affairs.

A "white dinner" given by one of the leaders of New York society, had Puritan roses for the leading decorations while at the corners of the table were little split yellow egg baskets carelessly filled with convallarias. The effect of all this green and white bloom, with the exquisite white porcelain and satin-finished silver, was chaste and beautiful. The above-mentioned willow baskets are also very pretty when filled with narcissuses, daisies or any spring flower. Partridge berries and vines, ferns and wild flowers could be utilized in them by out-of-town hostesses in a charming manner. A dainty device adaptable to ladies' luncheon parties is to put at the plate of each guest her favourite flower.

The newest whim of aristocratic English women who go in for gymnastics and athletics is for cut glass dumb bells. A prominent society lady just returned from Europe brought a beautiful pair of one pound bells with her other baggage. These newest toys are made in sizes from four ounces to two pounds. Some are polished French glass clear and pure as Japanese crystals.

The Empress Eugenie has taken to writing poetry. It is said that her work exhibits remarkable talent. She is also editing letters of her late husband and son for publication. The sale of the book will be devoted to the fund for the relief of the widows of the soldiers who fell in the war of 1870.

There is likely to be a plague of butterflies. They are hovering about every new hat and bonnet. There are great, gaudy, golden butterflies, lace butterflies and natural looking butterflies with pretty plumage. The lace butterflies are the newest; they will be the rage presently.

Miss Merrick, the Kensington artiste, has received a commission from Mr. Henry M. Stanley to paint his portrait, which is to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society after the next Salon, where it will be exhibited. Miss Merrick, it will be remembered, went to Egypt to paint the Khedive, and while there met Perdi, who gave her a sitting while putting the finishing notes in the score of his famous "Aida." She is said to be the best paid portrait painter among the English women, and can get her own price for her pictures. In arranging for an engagement she emphatically refuses to put a price upon her work, insisting that she can only estimate its value when complete. If the subject demurs when the bill is presented she quietly orders the canvas out of the way, and is persistently not at home to the original. Although she has many orders for young and beautiful faces she prefers to paint aged, careworn and strikingly characteristic men and women.

What many a mother has vainly longed for—a 'nursery' edition of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'—Mr. Lewis Carroll has at last given us. In the preface, addressed to 'any mother,' he modestly remarks that he has reason to believe the original work 'has been read by some hundreds of English children, aged from five to fifteen; also by children, aged from fifteen to twenty-five; yet again by children, aged from twenty-five to thirty-five; and even by children—for there are such children, in whom no waning of health and strength, no weariness of the solemn mockery, and the gaudy glitter, and the hopeless misery of Life has availed to parch the pure fountain of joy that wells up in all child-like hearts. His ambition now is to be read by children from nought to five.

TALKING BY THE SEA.

PART I.

We walked down to the murmurous sea one night—
I, and a brother, much beloved. 'Twas in
The earliest blush of the autumnal moon,
Now ris'n to light our footsteps on. Full oft,
Aforetime, had we paced that pebbled beach
'Neath the same full-orb'd moon; and listening there
To the strange ceaseless music of the waves,
Were wont to give a sympathetic play
To our full souls; discoursing, now and then,
Of Life—this brief and fitful interlude
In the Eternal Being; of passionate love,
Inexorable hate, that minister
Their motion to the progress of the world,—
Striking with powerful hands the wondrous soul
Into deep harmonies and discords wild
That jar the universe

And building oft
Fair castles of young hope—pictures that gleamed
About the calm horizon of our life,
In gorgeous setting—so we drank deep draughts
Of life's exhilarating cup, and oped
Our hearts to the full tide of Nature's song
And Poesy's.

There was a cave near by
The water's edge, whose sides and low-hung roof

Of yielding slatestone, bore the frequent marks
Of boyish impress;—snatches of old songs,
And words of half remembered melodies,
And favourite aphorisms of authors conned
In the hush'd early morning-tide that sleeps
In the dim background of all noble lives,
And brooded o'er by holiest memories.
We took our seats upon an ancient stone,
And looked once more upon the moonlit waves.

At length I broke the silence:

"You recall

The last time we were here—ten years ago—
One cool September eve. The harvest moon,
In her full glory, swept the gloomy sides
Of this old cave with amber streams of light,
And on the molten mirror of the sea
Left lines of tremulous splendour.

"And we saw

Move on across this bright'ning track the ships,
White-winged, and disappear like ghosts beyond.
I saw your soul transfigured in your face,
Deep-luminous, and like the sparkling sea
Reflecting stars. Then I repeated low
The Laureate's sweet fragment—"Break, break, break!"
And so you took your pencil and composed
One of your own. Could you recite it now,
As then you wrote it?"

Thinking a brief space,

He gave the lines like one who meets again
A long lost child and welcomes it with joy.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Murmuringly moan your many voices—
The music of the soul!

A deep, sad undertone of human hearts
With fitful strains of fears,
And wildly clashing discords—voices sweeping
Forth out of our past years.

But there are islands shrouded in holy peace,
And breathing sweetest balm;
And rocky caverns, echoing, or hushed silent
In an eternal calm.

The winds above the sea that rave and roar,
Seek not the depths below;
Those isles no tidal wave of passion vexes,
With sobbing ebb and flow.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Softly fall, to-night, your sweet-toned voices—
The music of my soul!

"Driftwood," he said; "once more hath Memory's waves
Stranded thee on the island of my thought!
Brother, we all are poets in our youth,
Of high or low degree; but I have lived
So much in deed and deep experience
Since then, that all my spheres of high ideal
That once rang music in their daily march,
Are faded into globes of common clay.
My Memnon statue now no more gives sound,
Struck by the first rays of the risen sun;
And I have heard so loud the thunderous earth
Shake, stricken in her orbit, that my ears
Are deafen'd to the music of the stars,
That I once heard in dreams."

"In dreams?" I said;

"Were they but dreams? If so I call Life blank,—
A dream, continued from the tearless smile
Which hovers o'er the baby's rosy lips,
And typifies its joy, to the stony gleam
That sparkles in the eye of frosty age.
Life, then, is but a dream, if such are dreams;
And moves out from its clime Elysian,
Taking a real and sober aspect on,
Until the sleeping soul is torn away
By horrid nightmares of a worn-out age.

"If men are poets in their youth, and years
Lead up a songless era,—curs'd be age!—
That wrongs the petals of the blushing rose,
And mocks the gentle lily of the valley.
Hath, then, Experience no myrtle wreath?
And hath it nought to offer for the soul
Of light and joy, and inexpressible beauty,
That it robs men of? Then, indeed, is life
Ungodlike, unprogressive;—every year
Yawns an abyss between the soul and heaven.
Nay! rather call your once sky-colour'd thought
The chaste exordium of life's meaning speech,—
The faultless prelude of life's deeper song."

He smiled to see me kindle into flame,
And then went on.

"Much, brother, have I suffered
Since last we met; much learned—much lost, alas!—
And much endured. Experience, you will find,
Is a most costly teacher; for she takes
Her pay in sweats of toil and drops of blood,
Wrung out from crushed, pain-palpating hearts.
She robs the past of its strange hallowed light;
And, where exalted beings peopled it,
Are stocks and stones, unworthy of the awe
And reverence of our souls.

"Yet think not thou

That I count all the Past illusory;
Still do I turn, with mingled joy and grief,
To my past years, that stand against the sky
Of the dull present, like a pillar'd cloud,
All glorious; nor count I wholly vain

The dreams which lull'd me, and the visions proud
Which flash'd across the future. Argosies
Of wealth, which sailed from those dim ports of youth,
Have never reached the shore; and I am poor,
With nothing left me but the thought of past
Enchantment, and the bare, bald aspect of
Things as they are; for life is a continuous
Process of disenchantment; what to-day
Is our ideal glory, fades to-morrow."

Said I: "I see the rock you've stranded on.
The passionate poem of your life has changed
To the slow-paced prose; in this you meet
A kindred fate with man. The morning light
Shows myriad glories shrined in the clear dew-drop,
Outrivaling Golconda; but the sun
In the full strength of his meridian blaze,
Dispels them. So with youth, and sterner manhood—
We cannot always live in Fairyland;
Life merges from the incense-cloud of peace
To th' murky rack of war. He who expects
Peace ever, fails; but yet should not inveigh
Against the happiness he had because
It changes.

"You have dreamed of things to come,
With the soft zephyr playing on your cheek;
And in your ears the melody of birds,
And trees, and streams. Then, when the dream was past,
And you had risen aglow for the day's toil,
And heard no bird-song,—feeling torrid suns
Burn you, nor winds to kiss the colour back
To your wan cheeks,—you straightway cursed the dream.
The dream was true, and blessed; pity those
Who have them not;—the fault is yours alone.

"I used to watch the ships go out to sea;
Alive, they seem'd to cleave the sparkling foam,
And bravely bound across the tuneful wave,
Freighted with joy, I thought, and golden hope;
But yet, each ship was full of weary hearts,—
Eyes dimmed with parting tears,—with many weeks
Of dull monotony in view, unbroke
Save by the rush of tempests, and the tread
Of frightened sailors, hurrying to and fro.
From the rare light that floods the halls of youth
Life is projected forth in rainbow hues,
Which straightway lose their lustre, when the sun
Dissolves the pearly dew, and turn to white.
Proudly you gazed into the world afar
From your cloud-tower, and saw yourself a man
Of men; and, knowing nought of actual life,
You won great triumphs there, wearing the crown
Of your dominion in anticipation.
But you have found the lofty mount of fame
Steep to ascend, and sore to untread feet.
Your dream has flown, and you a weary man,
With feelings tending to misanthropy;
Who build their palaces in clouds must look
To see them pass; why murmur you at that.

PART II.

The crimson flushing all his face, he said:
"Probe deep, and spare not; I have been a fool:
In early life I rhymed, and sang, and dreamed;
Haunted the woods at morn, at eve, at night,
And listen'd to the tremulous, whispering leaves;
The rill, that rippled, and the daffodil,
Had mystic language for my secret soul.
I've walked this sea-beach often, when the world
Was half asleep, with feelings that throng'd through
My soul, expressionless; then every wave,
In its low, sullen wash, or distant roar,
Was answered by the passionate thought within.
And when I went into the world of men,
With all my strange ideals, I was as child
Strayed from its home, and just as powerless;
I failed, in part,—my bubbles soon were burst;
I learned my lesson hard, but learned it well.
This age wants *workers* more than it wants *poets*;
And I would sooner, with a pick and spade,
Dig nourishment from th' granite-hearted soil,
Than be a poet by profession only.

"A good prize-fighter now can make his way
To th' Senate with the price of the brute's blood;
Preferment goes by favour, or by chance,
Sometimes, adroit, secret manipulation.
Great Jeffreys rules a king, while Otway starves;
Homer must beg, and Camoens die in want;
Sure, the grim record flatters not mankind.
Already we have poetry enough,
And the fount runs dry. Parnassus is a hill
For flocks to graze on; and Castalia
A spring for watering cattle. Who hears now
The mighty march of Milton's wondrous song?
Henceforth, let love-lorn swains monopolize
The realms of rhyme, or silly girls at school,
Who spend their souls in sentimental sighs
Over the latest novel.

"The stage buffoon
Grows rich and famed; but Johnson's clothed in rags,—
Flouted by lackeys of the titled rich.
Well, if I've failed, I partly blame the Age!
Why, in this Age of ours—this boasted Age—
This golden year, led up by golden deeds;
This offspring of the universal soul
Of man,—after the throes of toiling centuries,
That tremble still from their great agony;—

Here!—in this land, carved out, as from rude rock,
By indefatigable powers of mind
And soul—these powers supreme, for recompense,
Must trudge laboriously under heavy yoke,
Like beasts of burden on a dusty road.
Who holds the mart, but Mammon? who bestows
The laurel now, but Folly, gaily drest,
Who must be tickled, even as of old?

"Philosophers are sick to their hearts' core,
As in past time, for want of bread and butter;
The few, we call the fortunate; the many,
With the chill sinking in their hearts, despair.
Epictetus yet lives on prison fare,
While Commodus doth don the robe.
How hard, O brave Jean Paul, with you to say,
I will not hate, but love you, O, my brothers!
Henceforth I mock you not, but give you cheer!
How hard, divine complacency, and kindness,
At times, when we behold this world's strange way!
Go to! Canst thou hit heavy from the shoulder?—
Canst thou stand out with bold effrontery
Against mankind? Canst thou browbeat a judge
And jury, or tell a doubtful story to a crowd,
With swaggering bravado? Canst thou bellow
Noisy invective, or hoodwink the rabble?

Come, then,—we'll send you to the House of Commons!
There an elastic soul and plethoric purse
May carry you so high in men's esteem
They'll wink and blink, while looking on your glory,
Like owls that eye the sun.

"Or if you carve
A goose with dearest art and courtly grace,
You may purvey in a king's larder, whence
You shall command far more of earthly goods
Than Milton's brain could furnish you to-day.
And must a man spend forty years, or more,
In gloom of mines, with toilsome digging up,
'Mid tears, oft shed, a nation's truest wealth;
Or, grimy with the soot and dust therein,
Far underground, swing heavy sledges at
The forge of thought—for what!—for what, ye gods?
Rich is he in his scanty recompense;—
*One hundred pounds a year, perchance, half paid
In butter, cheese and eggs!*

"Not Burns, alone,
Guaged ale-house casks for bread, when his high muse
Should have been striking flakes of living fire
From rich mosaics of ideal worlds,
We could do better now;—a consulship
Would shelve the poet in him as completely.

"The world is being cultured, very true;
'Tis fashionable now to have B. A.
Tack'd to your sleeve; though sometimes it means—ba!
The great Democracy of culture now—
With shadowy racks of mathematic lore,
And trite quotations out of Tacitus,
Or Horace, drifting o'er their mental sky,—
Inquire of every man: 'Ah, is he *learned*? . . .
He'll never suit our educated taste."

"Now, the fond father, with the meagre purse,
Or with the full one,—matters little which,—
Sends his son up to the academy,
Howe'er the virile metal may be lacking,
To get him made a man. Five years are spent,
And forth in shape he comes—no matter how,—
With bray of academic trump triumphal brought
Brow-bound with wreathed laurels blossoming.
The plow he well had graced, or lusty anvil;
But in the learned world he passes current,
With these our symbols, for the stamp is put.
Now black your boots with Plato's hallowed brush,
And part your hair i' the middle; get yourself
Perfumed from head to toe with subtle breath
Of that aroma which floats round a college;
Th' effect is magical;—yawn through the lectures,
Then proudly step you forth a cultured man.
That is the way they do it: Truth beholds,
Amazed, recoiled, indignant. Nature strain'd
And broken to unlawful ways; the mind
Dammed out of proper channels by the force
Of social lies, all aping verily.
Say, of the scores of men who crowd our schools,
How many toil from the pure love of truth?
Rather, how few!—The frequent smattering man,
The wide-read miss, who glibly talks of books,
Conned well on th' title page;—of Milton talks—
Sublime,—who reads a fragmentary sketch
In school books,—these are fitting types of half
The educated world. These are the men
Who sit in judgment on the struggling mind!
My blood boils when I think on't.

"The world at last
Has put on stays; and every year's a twist
To draw them tighter, till the strangled soul
Cries out,—'For heaven's sake, give me air—pure air,
And a touch of banished nature!' Let us go."

"No doubt but that the world is bad enough,"
Rous'd by his argument, I held my way;
"But when was it e'er better—nay, more,
When was it e'er so good, by many a stage?
If Vice rears high her shameless front to-day,
And hydra-headed Error stalks abroad,
The dual monster had emerged from
The centuries past; the only difference being

The modern dress put on to suit the time.
But I believe the hellish Cerberus
Hath bark'd so loud and long he waxeth hoarse
And worn. Life slowly cometh to perfection,
Yet gains. I know old earth hath rottenness
I' th' bones, and every individual man
A share; the good and bad are mixed, and must,
For aught I know, be mixed until the end.

"But you will find the stage philosopher
Most eloquent upon your present ills,
When he shall look back on the toilsome road
Trod by humanity to this ripe Present;
Will find in all the strangely mark'd expanse
No resting-place so sweet, no stream so cool
As on the greensward of this Nineteenth Age,
And by its founts of knowledge.

"The Age of Sham
And Cant; of Vice, o'ergloss'd, bedizen'd and
Refined! As if the long, unrighteous list
Were newly made, and not ancestral dower,—
The heirloom of the ever-travelling years.
Let us be thankful if some gains be made;
That yet survive the noble, the sincere,
The pure, the true,—if we will look to them.
Ev'n now we boast of superstition dead,
Or gasping in death's agony; aloud
We boast of freedom for the human mind
To carve out from the unhewn rock of life
Whatever destiny it may or can.
Still may the soul be strong and gain her crown,
Without annihilation of her foes,
Instantly; for is not this life's sure warfare
Mind's ever-daring, immemorial task?
It fights alone 'gainst ills inevitable,
In the soul's essence,—envy, arrogance,
Sloth, avarice and all th' offensive train,
Vices of little minds, in high or low
Degree;—strong floods of hostile circumstance,
That bear away and sweep to the abyss.
Such foes man hath; nor need he hope to find
The field e'er uncontested. Strive! Not less
Shall virtue thrive, and manhood shall be more!

Thus hope, and triumph. For other foes, strong Earth
At last has shaken off the petty kings
Of brass and clay, that once with whip and spur
Rode her to ruin,—and still she flings them from her.
Outraged, she trembles; tremble, Doge and Czar!
Has she not had the cruel ordeal,
Of Sceptred tyrants; pageants, proud with blood,
And hot with flames,—that, like Campanian cities,
Sunk 'neath a sulphurous sea, are now exhumed,
As melancholy remnants of the past,
To teach us Wisdom and true Liberty?
Man, being man, must dwell in imperfection,
Save Love be regnant and of absolute sway,
Nor this redeems from error wholly here;
The evil lurks i' the blood, and will have vent
Howe'er it can; it taints the fairest forms
With some faint finger touch.

"But would you have
Our colleges hewn down—their proud heads bow'd,
And their foundations levelled in the dust,
Because the mode of education yet
Lacks roundness; or, because, perchance, there may
Be dolts at school? And would you now recall
Th' Augustan Age, when Virgil sang of arms
And Roman glory, kneeling all the while
In servile baseness at great Cæsar's throne?
Or suits you better England's Golden Age
Of Genius, knocking at the door of power,
And hanging on the smile of patronage,
And courting wealth in perfumed palaces?
Content you, then, with your prosperity;
For ne'er did will of man or God advance
The complaining spirit, eloquent of blame.
Peculiar vices show peculiar virtues;
For where sin did abound, there sovereign grace
Much more. Up, ever, through invisible cycles,
Earth wheels progressively,—seeming oft returning
Upon its track, in vain; and, men may moan
Or eulogize, 'tis upward—upward still!
Hark! *Forward!* is the cry;—the word is writ
First in Time's book; and never resting Time
Moves constant to fulfil his royal doom.

BURTON WELLESLEY LOCKHART.

DRIED JAPANESE PERSIMMON.

Very few people, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, are aware of the fact that the Japanese persimmon, when dried, is one of the most delicious fruits imaginable. Those who are acquainted with this fruit know that it must be fully ripe when picked, otherwise the flavour will not be what it should. But the perfectly ripe persimmon is difficult of handling without damage, and therefore considerable loss is apt to result. Experiments made, however, show that the Japanese persimmon may be dried as readily as a fig, which indeed, it resembles in appearance after being cured. The dried persimmon has a very meaty, pleasant taste, and will, undoubtedly, as soon as its excellence becomes known, take a prominent place among table delicacies. The persimmon ought also to make a very acceptable *glacé* fruit, and a good profit awaits the man who shall take advantage of these hints and prepare this product for market in pleasing shape.

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FUNERAL OF A CHINAMAN.

At the funeral of a Chinaman in Philadelphia some queer ceremonies were observed. The deceased was clothed in garments of the lightest texture, so that he might not suffer from the heat in his new abode. He wore a straw hat, and in one hand he held a fan. The corpse of a Chinaman is always provided with money to pay its expenses to the unknown country. One of the mourners dropped between Hong's teeth a 25-cent piece, and about a score of the others came forward with their quarter con-

tributions. The undertaker could not get all of them in the dead Chinaman's mouth, and half of the silver pieces were placed in his pocket. The ceremonies finished, the coffin was closed, and over the top of it were placed strips of red, white and black bunting, the colours of the Sing Ye Hong Society (Chinese freemasons), of which the dead man had been a member.

CURING A NERVOUS HORSE.

A Brooklyn horse lately suffered an injury to one of his feet, and for some time travelled on three legs. Finally the wound healed, but the animal refused to put the foot to the ground. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who made an examination and then pronounced it simply a case of nervousness. "Strap up the other hind foot and you'll see," he said. This was done, and the injured foot was thus forced into use. It did not take a block's travel to show the horse that his nervous fears were groundless, and when the strap was removed he trotted off squarely on four feet.—*Rochester Herald.*

A NEW FEMALE SEMINARY.

There will be opened at Tahlequa, I.T., on August 26, a new female seminary, of which the Cherokee inhabitants are very proud. There have already been received 124 applications for admission from Cherokee maidens, and but thirteen out of its 106 rooms remain to be filled. The building is of brick, three stories in height, of handsome architectural appearance, and cost \$78,000. It stands in the centre of a beautiful park, eight acres in

extent. It is handsomely fitted up and furnished, and is heated by steam. The pupils having rooms are charged \$5 a month, while there is a large dormitory for those unable to pay this sum, and they are educated and boarded free of expense. Of the revenues of the nation 35 per cent. is devoted to school purposes, and out of this money the seminary was built and will be supported.

HUMOUROUS.

THE CAUSE OF HIS PRIDE.—First Trout: Well, you needn't be so important, if you did get away from that hook. Second Trout: 'Tisn't that. I heard the angler tell his friend that I was the finest trout he ever saw, and weighed at least seven pounds.

A MFAN HUSBAND.—Husband (greatly excited): Get my hat, dearest. A dog catcher has stolen the poodle and says he is going to kill it. Wife: The hateful man! Are you going to see if you can take it from him, darling? Husband: No, I am going to see that he keeps his word.

BARONESS (to man-servant who has just come in): Johann, do not whistle in that abominable manner—and such vulgar tunes besides! Johann: But surely your ladyship does not expect one of Liszt's rhapsodies when I'm blacking the boots—that'll come on later when I'm cleaning the silver!

HIS TONGUE WAS FAST.—Doctor to Gilbert (aged four years): Put your tongue out, dear. Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor: No, no, put it right out. The little fellow shook his head weakly and the tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't doctor; it's fastened on to me."

RECAMIER SARSAPARILLA.



The safety of human life depends upon a proper observance of all natural laws, and the use in cases of sickness of only such medicines as are known to be of greatest value. In this unusual Spring season, after a Winter remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, a Blood Purifier and Tonic is needed to expel from the life current every trace of impure matter, and to stimulate, strengthen and build up the system and prepare it for the warmer weather of Summer. To accomplish this

Recamier Sarsaparilla

should be freely used, as a Blood Purifier of the highest value. It acts with quick yet pleasant potency upon the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Is cleansing, soothing and invigorating, reconstructs the wasted tissues, restoring to the entire system perfect health. By its use Catarrh can be cured by the expulsion of the scrofulous taint from which the disease arises, neutralizing the acidity of the blood. To sufferers from Rheumatism there is nothing like it in the world. It will effect a cure where cure is possible.

Recamier Sarsaparilla

overcomes "that tired feeling," and gives a serene and satisfactory feeling of physical improvement which is comforting. It is an excellent promoter of strength, and a general health rejuvenator after Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Diphtheria and other diseases that are prostrating. Do not lose sight of the fact that the vitiated blood, contaminated either through heredity or by careless neglect of proper precaution, gives early notice of danger by the unmistakable "danger signals" which soon begin to make their appearance. It is indicated in many ways; among them are inflamed and purulent eyelids, disgusting eruptions on the scalp and other parts of the body, irregular appetite, irregular bowels. It affects all parts of the body. The sufferers from any of the many diseases, disorders, or enfeebled secretions enumerated above may rest assured that in this preparation they have the best remedy that science affords.

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is a Spring Medicine, pre-eminently superior to all others. A medicine pure and simple, not a beverage.

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AND
VAUDREUIL.

Commencing May 12th, 1890.

Trains will LEAVE Montreal, Windsor Street Station, as follows:—
FOR VAUDREUIL and ST. ANNE'S—9.20 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m. and 8.45 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ON SATURDAYS.

9.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 8.45 p.m. and 11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station:—
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one year the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.